

A  
Common-Wealth  
OF  
WOMEN.  
A  
PLAY:

As it is Acted at the  
Theatre Royal,

By their Majesties Servants.

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By Mr. D'URFER.

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*Anguillam Caudâ tenes. Eraſ.*

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Licensed. Sept. 11. 1685.

ROGER L'ESTRANGE.

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L O N D O N,

Printed for R. Bentley in *Russel-street* in *Covent-Garden*; and  
*J. Hindmarsh* at the *Golden Ball* in *Cornwell*, over against  
the *Royal Exchange*. 1686.





To the truly Noble and Illustrious  
Prince CHRISTOPHER Duke of  
ALBEMARLE, Earl of Torrington,  
Barron Monck of Potheridge, Beauchamp,  
and Teyes, Knight of the most Noble  
Order of the Garter : And one of the  
Lords of his Majesty's most Ho-  
nourable Privy Council, &c.

May it please your GRACE,

**I** HAD not presum'd to trouble you with the read-  
ing this Trifle, had I not bin proud of an Oc-  
casion of Dedicating my self, as well as it, to your  
service: Scribes of this Nature are usually de-  
sign'd only to insinuate the Author into the good Opini-  
on of his Patron; but besides that, my Lord, I must  
confess another meaning, and acknowledge this Minute  
my happiest, since it gives me an Opportunity of pro-  
strating my self, and Book, at the Feet of a true, Loy-  
al English Nobleman, whose Virtues Lineally descended,  
have justly received no blemish; One who may, like the  
Heroes of Old, suffer depressions through the want of Ju-  
stice, from byass'd or mistaken Opinions; but never through  
want of Merit. Besides my own humble Acknowledge-  
ments, my Lord, for the favours I have particularly re-  
ceived from your Grace; I think it is my Duty, and in-  
deed the Duty of every good Subject, as well as my self,  
with Tears of Joy, to thank you for your late Loyalty,

## The Dedication.

*Diligence, and unwearied service of the King, against the Rebels; in which you faithfully shew'd the unvalued Vertue of your Temper, sparing no Cost, nor omitting no Stratagem, that could advance to the eternal fixing our Great (tho' then scarce settl'd) Monarch in this Throne; as once your Immortal, and I hope (never forgotten) Father, did the late glorious Prince before. We cannot now doubt, but that Almighty Providence has pronounced a long and happy Reign to our Great and Glorious Master; his late wonderful, as well as fortunate success, sufficiently shews the Eternal Arm was lifted for him, in the Miraculous and speedy scattering and confounding so formidable an Enemy, as the Rebels were, or wou'd have bin, upon the least fleshing and encouragement. Nor shall we ever, I hope, forget your Graces Indefatigable Zeal, Policy and Diligence, in defending and keeping a City, which they so vehemently aim'd at; as highly conducing to their Designs; this was a Piece of Service, which (without offence to any one) I hope I may presume to say, none but the Son of a Restorer could have done, the Brood of Rankest Rebellion, like the Plague, having reign'd there long before; and the Mobile being all poison'd with the pernicious Tenets of a misled, ungrateful Usurper; who some years since took his Progress that way, to prepare the Party for this purpose. This, Sir, your very Enemies (if it is possible you can have any) must acknowledge: Nor can I omit the Conflicts of your Graces vexation, and dissatisfaction, by being disappointed of*



## The Dedication.

of ingaging the Enemy, as you heartily wish'd, and endeavour'd to do: I know the Noble Old General's Genius inspir'd ye; and your Martial Spirit even burnt with the Lust of Action; you might well be said in this juncture, to be tortur'd with as much rage for not fighting, and Conquering, as a Masterly Poet has written of your Glorious Father, when in the late Dutch War Ingaging almost a whole Fleet, he was disabled by Du Ruyter.

Ruyter he spies, and full of Martial heat,  
Tho' half the Number, thinks the Odds too great;  
And swoln with Sense of former Glory won,  
Thought Monk must be by Albemarle out-done.

And at last describing the Fight, and the General's Rage for the ill success, he goes on,

"Not Virtuous Men, unworthily abus'd;  
"Not constant Lover, without Cause refus'd:  
"Not honest Merchant broke, nor skilful Player  
"His'd off the Stage, nor sinners in despair;  
"Not Parents mock'd, not Favourites disgrac'd,  
"Not Rump by Monk or Oliver displac'd;  
"Not Kings depos'd, nor Prelates e're they dye,  
"Feel halt the rage of Generals when they flye.

*This, tho' on a Contrary Theam, I am sure is not  
Improperly adapted; your inward and secret disturbance  
for*

## The Dedication.

*for being depriv'd of the Glory you hop'd for, being rightly considered, was not less, than that of your Noble Father.*

*And now, my Lord, for fear of troubling your Grace with two prolix an Epistle, which cannot excuse my fault, for the meanness of what I present ye, I must make use of the Confidence, natural to Poets; and briefly beg to shelter my self under your Graces Patronage; whose true Vertue, and uncommon Sweetness, in favouring Wit and Merit, where-ever you find it, emboldens me to expect a favourable reception, in hopes, that the true English Noble Temper, which influences all Mankind with Admiration, that have the Honour to know you, will not fail to bless particularly with your good Opinion, and pardon the Errors, and Presumption of,*

My LORD,

Your Graces most devoted,

Humble Honourer, and

Obedient Servant,

T. D'URFEEY.



# Dramatis Personæ.

## M E N.

**C**aptain *Marine*.

*Du Pier*, his Lieutenant.

*Boldsprite*, The Ships Master.

*Franvil* } Three wild Fellows of the Town,

*Frugal* } that Ramble to Sea, and desert

*Hazard* } their Wives.

Surgeon of the Ship.

*Don Sebastian* } Governour of several Portu-  
guize Islands, but chas'd from  
thence by *French Pyrates*.

*Nicusa*. His Son.

*La Mure*. A Vilainous *French Pyrate*.

*Bourcher*. His Companion, and Friend.

Boatswain.

Chaplain.

Mr. *Williams*.

Mr. *Griffin*.

Mr. *Percival*.

Mr. *Jevan*.

Mr. *Leigh*.

Mr. *Hains*.

Mr. *Sanders*.

Mr. *Gillow*.

Mr. *Bowman*.

Mr. *Norris*.

Mr. *Harris*.

Mr. *Low*.

Mr. *Farr*.

## Women.

*Roselia*. Protectress of the Amazonian Countrey.

*Clarinda*. Her Eldest Daughter.

*Aminta* } Her youngest Daughter, ravish'd  
from her by *La Mure*, in her In-  
fancy, and bred up with him.

*Menalippe*.

*Julietta*.

*Hippolita*.

*Ariadne*.

*Aglaura*.

*Clita*.

Amazonians.

Sailers, Dancers, Guards, and Attendants.

Mrs. *Cory*.

Lady *Slingsby*.

Mrs. *Cook*.

Mrs. *Twiford*.

Mrs. *Percival*.

Mrs. *Price*.

Mrs. *Osborn*.

Mrs. *Knight*.

Miss *Nanny*.

SCENE, *Covent-Garden*.

# PROLOGUE.

-Spoken by Mr. HAINS with a Western Scyth in his Hand.

**F**ROM the West, as Champion in defence of Wit,  
I come, to mow you Critticks of the Pit,  
Who think we've not improv'd what Fletcher Writ.  
This Godly Weapon first invented was  
By Whigs, to cut down Monarchy like Grass;

But I know better how to use these Tools,  
And have reserv'd my Scythe to mow down Fools:  
Tet o' my Conscience they wou'd sprout again,  
And the Herculean Labour were in vain.

The Pit, like Hydra's, still wou'd yield supplies,  
From one lost Block-head, twenty more would rise.

A sort of City Critticks yonder sit,  
For this destroying Engine not unfit,  
Cuckolds were always Enemies to Wit;

For Wit oft draws the Wife to leave her Spouse,  
To take a small refreshing at our House.

Phantastick Tastes how hard it is to please!

Critticks, like Flyes, have several Species.

There's one that just has paid his grutch'd half-Crown,  
Cries, Rot the Play, Fox on't, let's cry it down.

The censuring Spark wou'd fain seem Great and Witty,  
Tet Whispers Politicks with Orange Betty;

She cracks his Philberds, whilst he, in her Ear,

Is Fighting o're again the Western War,

Bragging what numbers his sole Arm has kill'd,

Tho' the vain Fop perhaps was ne're i'th' Field.

Thus Worm that snugs in Shell where it was bred,

Is nothing to the Maggot in his head,

For Harmless Insect that those Nuts create.

Is nothing to the Maggot of the Pate,

Now such a Fop as this wou'd I be at.

Another to compleat his daily Task,

Fluster'd with Claret, seizes on a Mask,

Hisses the Play, steals off with Punk i'th' dark,

He Damns the Poet, but she Claps the Spark.

I wonder if the Law cou'd doom one dead,

That now should lop off such a Fellow's Head!

It cannot be, ~~found~~ Murder. — And no share

This dreadful Fate, You Critticks all prepare.

For besides all my Scythians yet unseen,

We've yet a Female Commonwealth within,

Who strongly Arm'd, like Furies venture on,

And if y'approach their Trenches once, y'are gone.



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ACT I. SENE I. *Covent-Garden.*

*Enter Marine at one Door, Aminta mask'd at another.*

*Mar.*

**M**Y Love!

*Amint.* I hope I am.

[*Putting off her Mask.*]

*Mar.* Most certain; so punctual, and so fair, it must be she!

*Amin.* Punctual, you have reason to own me, for if you knew the Difficulty I have undergone, to get out to you.

*Mar.* I can guess at it, and am too sensible of the Villany of that French-firework, thy Damn'd Guardian, not to know the Difficulty. But 'prithee tell me, what pretty Stratagem did Love instruct thee with, to make me thus happy?

*Amin.* After Dinner, 'tis always his Custom to call for Tea, in which I cunningly infus'd a Dram or two of *Opium*, which made its Operation instantly; for after sneezing two or three times, and according to his usual manner, fetching a Rhumatick Cough from the bottom of his Lungs, which I always pray heartily may choak him.

*Mar.* And so do I too, Faith. I hope our prayers will be heard one Day.

*Amin.* He fell fast asleep, and by that means gave me Opportunity to meet an ungrateful Creature here, that is more ready to laugh at me for my Weakness, than reward me for my Love.

B

*Mar.*

## A Common-Wealth of Women.

*Mar.* What a barbarous thought is that! Deny it, and make me amends, or I swear I will kiss thee into an Extasie. [*Kisses her.*]

*Amint.* Oh! I am fond and foolish: All my Actions shew Woman, silly Woman, and must confess, deserve it.

*Mar.* Prithee, no more of this, it wrongs my Love. And since we have leisure to talk an Hour, make me so happy to hear the remainder of thy Story; the story of thy Father, and the manner of thy bringing hither to *England*, under the Tuition of that Villain, that Cursed Pirate *La Mure*: You have often begun it, but we have bin still interrupted.

*Amint.* 'Tis a sad Tale; but I can deny you nothing: If you remember then, I told you that *Don Sebastian* was my Father. A generous *Portuguese*; of Noble House, and Nature; and Governour of several large Plantations in the Happy Islands; his Industry and Care made him so rich, that he might vie with Princes; so stor'd he was with Friends and Gifts of Fortune! But many years he had not thus continued, when Hell contriving how to blast our Joys; drove on our Shore a number of *French Pyrates*; of which *La Mure* was the most Villainous, and being Captain of the rest, and well stor'd with Ammunition, enter'd upon our Fortress, ruin'd our Plantations; and chas'd the Peaceful Industrious *Portugals*, like Flocks of Sheep upon the barren Mountains.

*Mar.* Inhumane Villains!

*Amin.* My Father, in this distress, willing to save his Treasure, with the help of my Brother, and a Party of Negro Slaves, secretly Convey'd his Plate, Money, and Jewels into a small Vessel, and put to Sea, with design to return, when they were gone, and comfort us with his Fortune and Policy.

*Mar.* The Design was prudent, whatever the Event was.

*Amin.* Oh it was fatal! For this Curs'd *La Mure* having Intelligence by his Spies of my Fathers escape; and not knowing how to pursue him, turn'd his rage upon my poor Mother, my Sister, and my self. And having Laden his Ship with the Spoils and Riches of our Island, carried us with him, and then put to Sea.

*Mar.* Where will this end?

*Amin.* You shall know instantly. And the greatest Barbarity that ever Villain acted: For sailing thence a few Leagues, and resolving to be revenged on us, for the loss of my Father's Treasure, he leaves my sighing Mother and a little Sister alone and comfortless upon a wild and barren Island.

*Mar.* Damn'd Hellish Dog!

*Amin.* And since that hour, I never heard of 'em. As to my self, (tho' an Infant,) it pleas'd his Devil-ship to like my face. And therefore brought me, (with my Nurse, who has since told me this Story;) with him to *London*; where I have liv'd a melancholly and hated Life



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Life ever since: And now am hourly plagu'd with the intollerable Harangues of his Nauseous Love, and Impertinent Follies. Oh *Marine*!

*Mar.* Why lighs, my dearest?

*Amin.* What shall I do?

*Mar.* Ple tell thee, and charge thee by thy Love,  
Nay, by thy Soul, and its divineft Virtue,  
To perform my Injunction.

*Amin.* Can I with Honour do it?

*Mar.* Yes, else I would not propose it.

*Amin.* Speak then, nay quickly, for I fear he'll wake e're I get back agen.

*Mar.* This coming night,  
When the Tell-tale Clock has told its midnight story,  
And sleep Charms all but Libertines and Lovers,  
Steal from his House, and fall into my Arms;  
I have a Ship lies ready in the Port,  
Laden and fit to sail, the wind stands fair too,  
In her I'll place my Love, and free her from  
The hated bondage of her Cursed Jaylor.

*Amin.* Oh! I shall ne're endure the Sea agen.

*Mar.* Rather endure a Storm in all its frights and dangers, than live to be enslav'd to Villany.

*Amin.* But if you shou'd forsake me! Oh misery!  
And leave me helpless on some blasted Countrey,  
As he once did my Mother!

*Mar.* Yet more doubts: by all that's good, you wrong me; prithee no more of it. Come, your Promise?

*Amin.* I do: I must.

*Mar.* At twelve.

*Amin.* Exactly.

*Mar.* Till then farewell. Heaven and its Angels guard thee.

*Amin.* Oh Love! thou mak'st us do we know not what.

[Leads her to the Door. Ex *Amin.*

*Enter Du Piere, (his Sword drawn) Bold-Sprite after him.*

*Boldf.* Nay prithee Lieutenant, get off further; Life, I am affraid the Fellow is kill'd.

*D. Pier.* Kill'd! Hang him; no Sword can hurt him;  
His Soul and all his Spirits are shrunk so low into his heels. 'Tis impossible any wound given him should be Mortal. A Slave, to abuse our noble Admiral. By this Hilt, if thou hadst not stood in my way, I would have cut the Rogue into Stakes, and have eaten him up for my Breakfast.

*Marin.* How now, Lieutenant, what's the matter?

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*D. Pier.*

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*D. Pier.* Captain, your Humble Servant. I Plague on't, I know not, a damn'd huffing fellow yonder, a Rebel, Whiggy Buffle head—I know not what to make of him, not I—had the Impudence, to my Face, to affront our great Master the Admiral.

*Marin.* And thou hast kill'd him, I warrant.

*D. Pier.* Clapt him through the Guts—Ham-string'd him; broke out six or seven of his Teeth with the Pummel of my Sword, or so: But Ple be pox'd, if he does not live to be hang'd, for all this.

*Mar.* Prithee, do not thou tempt thy Fate, and live to be hang'd instead of him: Our City Juries will shew thee but little favour or affection, if thou once com'st into their Clutches.

*D. Pier.* Consume 'em: Ple sooner make my self Immortal, with a pennyworth of Rats-bane, than stand to the Courtesie of such a Cry of Blood-hounds. But prithee, Captain, when shall we to Sea agen? Pox o' this Dirty part of the World, a Man only fowls his Linnen here, and draws Air amongst a rout of Rebels—I am clearly for the Watry Element: And had rather Converse with *Dolphins, Whales,* and *Porpices*, than our Natives: Why, they are honest Creatures, and better Company.

*Mar.* They are so i'faith: And thou shalt be with them suddenly. For I have some urgent business will call me aboard within these few hours. And to morrow, if the Wind sit fare, adieu old *England*.

*D. Pier.* By the green Neptune, I am glad on't: A *Brummingham* Son of a Whore, affront the Noble Admiral! Nay, 'tis well they scour'd, we should have made a separation between some of their Souls and Bodies else before this time, hah, Master!

*Mar.* What, has my Master bin in the Skirmish too?

*D. Pier.* Yes Faith, the old Lad was all hands aloft with 'em. I saw him clap one of 'em thro' the Shoulder, and throw a couple more into the Cellar; that I saw him do.

*Mar.* Why, well said old Sea-mark.

*Boldf.* Me! Why, how now, d'ee doubt me? Give me but a good Cause, and a good Sword, and if I flinch, hang me on the Top-Mast-head, or flea me, and make Ship-Buckets of my Hide. What, I have not had so many Towels drawn through me for nothing, sure!

*Mar.* Ha, ha, ha. But hark you, Lieutenant, a word with thee; I must require thy assistance in a business to night.

*D. Pier.* Require—Command, dear Captain! Pox of requirings and requests—your Ear—is there a Man or a Woman in the Case?

*Mar.* A Woman, *Du Piere*! an Angel-Woman! a Fortune too, and Young as the Rose-bud—Beautiful as the Blushing Morning; and as willing as my self.

*D. Pier.* Good. Well, must we scale for her, or steal her Cunningly? Must we mount the Counterscarp like Men of Mettle; or squeeze our selves, like Cats, into the Cellar Window?

*Mar.*



*Mar.* Neither; she will meet us half way.

*D. Pier.* Gad, a Gentlewoman I warrant her: Is there no one else but her to take care of?

*Mar.* Why, Faith yes, there may a Man come into her rescue, which if it happen, I must enjoyn thee to —

*D. Pier.* Cut his Throat — Humh.

*Mar.* No, no: onely oppose him, whilst I get off with my fair Prize.

*D. Pier.* Well, I shall Cut his Throat, my mind gives me, I shall; if he takes away the Woman, he must take away this too; then Lord have mercy upon his Winde-pipe, I say.

*Mar.* But what shall we do for a third Man, in case of Danger? who, amongst the Ships Crew, can we trust in such a business?

*D. Pier.* Why, Old *Tarr* there, against the World: There was not such another for a Wench, since *Noah's Flood*.

*Boldf.* Captain, if you dare trust me in your Affair, they shall saw off my Beard with a Back-Sword, ere I leave you: Tho' I care not this for the Woman — for my part, I am past these things.

*Mar.* Well, well, my good Friend, I will be oblig'd to thee. Go then instantly and prepare the Barge, and meet me at Eleven; here at the Corner of the *Piazza*.

*D. Pier.* The Wind favours our Design rarely too; besides, we shall have more Company, for there are three or four young Blades, Acquaintance of mine, that it seems are married to ill Wives, and to avoid 'em, design to take a Ramble, and go Reformades with us; for I told 'em it could not be long before we should put to Sea; and since it happens thus opportunely — I'll send instantly to give 'em notice.

*Mar.* Do — if they are of the Town-breed, they may prove very good Diversion for us.

*D. Pier.* The best in the World, Faith, I know 'em to a Hair — They supt to night at the *Rose*, and I believe are there still, for they are no Starters, to my knowledge — I'll step into your Lodging, since 'tis so near hand, and write a Letter to 'em to be ready.

*Mar.* I'll go with thee, and prepare all things for our Adventure — Ah, Lieutenant! This Fortune-stealing is a blessed business, is it not?

*D. Pier.* Ah, if she were but old, tough, and stanch! Pox on't, I hate your young Weehees, Skitish Colts — they are so hard mouth'd, there's no dealing with 'em.

*Mar.* I hope to see thee fitted one day: Come, Let's away, —————

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE

## SCENE, A Tavern.

*Enter Franvile, Frugal, and Hazard, at a Table with two Lights.*

*Fran.* Are we all agreed then?

*Frug.* } All, all! most Constantly.  
*Haz.*

*Fran.* Let's hear the Oath once more. Come, *Frugal*—my Merchant Royal; thou shalt be Speaker. Silence.

*Frug.* First we have sworn to take a Ramble to Sea for three years, and during that Term, we have oblig'd our selves never to converse with our Wives, kiss our Wives, nor remember our Wives.

*Fran.* No, nor Children, but let them stay at home, keep Lent, and chew the Cud.

*Frug.* And to this we all once more swear.

*All.* All, all.

*Frug.* Kiss the Book.

*[Kisses a Womans Shoe.]*

*Haz.* But harkee, Gentlemen, now I have sworn this, 'tis fit I should know the meaning on't—'Tis but just we declare some Reasons why we leave our Wives,—hah?

*Fran.* 'Tis so: Let one speak then, and the other two shall be Judges.

*Haz.* Do you begin then.

*Fran.* With all my Heart: Why, first then, most Judicious Auditors, the Reason why I desert my Matrimony is, because she grudges me my Dress, and Garniture, and takes more care to Lace her own Petticoat, than my Pantaloons. Besides, she knows that Dress and Garniture, as I said before, are the only Comforts of my Life: I should lead the life of a Dog, if it were not for my Feathers, my Fiddles, and my Fineries: But I'll be reveng'd for her, for I have prepar'd a Wardrobe, that shall outshine the Sun in the new World, where we are going. And resolve to bid adieu to my damn'd Dog with a Bottle at home: What say you now? Have I not Reason?

*Frug.* } Reason! reason! great reason.  
*Haz.*

*Haz.* Come, now Merchant—now, let's here thine?

*Frug.* Mine! nay, if I have not Reason, the Devil's in't! Mine! why, look ye, In the first place, Gentlemen, you must know that I am a Cuckold.

*Fran.* Very good.

*Frug.* My Wife is an eternal Scold, and had two By-blows before I marry'd her.

*Fran.*



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*Fran.* Hem! Let's have no more on't; *Tace!* thou hast very Substantial Reason, Faith.

*Haz.* Most Powerful! there's great strength of Reason in't.

*Frug.* I think so. Besides, she was lavish and extravagant, and continually rail'd at my Usury, and honest turning the penny: But to be reveng'd on her, I cunningly broke lately, have put all my Plate, Money, and Jewels into two Chests, and intend to seek some other Countrey; where I will live, grow rich, and plant a Colony. Now your approbations, Gentlemen? Have I not Reason?

*Fran.* Ay; the Deme take me, if thou hast not. But come Sharper, now for thee. What occasion hadst thou to leave thy Wife?

*Haz.* Oh! occasion enough, Faith.

*Frug.* What, prithee?

*Haz.* Because I could not keep her.

*Fran.* Pithy and short.

*Frug.* A very solid Reason in troth, and must pass muster.

*Haz.* Besides, I have had an Antipathy to Woman-kind, ever since I saw one of 'em unscue her Nose one night—Oh, that Nose! that Nose has stuck in my Stomach plaguily.

*Fran.* Hell. I see we are all fixt, and of one mind: And resolve to forget and despise that Vexatious and Impertinent Sex. For my own part, I hate a Woman heartily.

*Haz.* And I.

*Frug.* And all things with flat Bottoms I abominate.

*Enter Drawer with a Letter.*

*Drawer.* Sir, here's a Letter just now left at our House, directed to you. *[To Fran. and reads it.]*

*Fran.* News, news, my Lads! rare news!

*Haz.* What, prithee?

*Fran.* The Captain's just a going; the Ship is fall'n down, and the Barge given order for: here's a Letter from the Lieutenant, that says, they'l be gone by four a Clock this morning. I'le e'en go instantly and get ready my Money and Wardrobe: And then adieu dear Dog with a Bottle, as I said before.

*Frug.* And I my Chests of Plate and Jewels.

*Haz.* And I my Cat, and my Bale of Dice: For that's all my Cargo.

*Fran.* Come away, Boys; make haste, we shall lose the wind else.

*Frug.* I'le be ready in a moment. *[Exeunt.]*

*Haz.* If I can but draw 'em in to play in the new World; where we are a going — I am made for ever. Well, Fortune for me, there lyes all my hopes. *[Exit.]*

SCENE

## SCENE, Covent-Garden.

*Enter Marine, Du Piere and Boldsprite.**Mar.* **D**ost thou see that Light in the Window there?*D. Pier.* Yes, I thank my Fortune, I have been acquainted with such Stars before now: And on these Occasions two: But I had rather that Meteor were extinguish'd for all that, Captain, lest we should be seen.*Mar.* 'Tis past twelve, and few people pass this way.*D. Pier.* I fancy your Fortune-stealer to be very like your Venison-stealer, that thinks himself oblig'd to the Moon, till he has got his Game, but afterwards wishes her in a dark-Lanthorn, for fear it should be taken from him.*Mar.* Master, be sure you scout diligently, and tell us if any one comes.*Boldf.* Go too, go too, mind your Business, and make haste; 'tis well there's Money in the Case. Before I would stand quaking here for a squab-sucking Rabbit, that's hardly worth the skinning, I'd as soon stand Sentinel upon one of the Moles at *Argier*, tho' I were sure of neither Pay, nor Provender.*Mar.* Hark! What noise was that? Didst hear no noise?*D. Pier.* Some body at prayers, I think: Pox on't, we shall have ill luck.*Boldf.* 'Tis some dreaming *Phanatick* or other is singing of Psalms in's sleep.*D. Pier.* Come, Captain, prithee give the Sign. I long to have the Treasure in our Custody: That if any resistance happens, we may fight for something.*Mar.* This must be the Door. Harkee, Lieutenant, prithee look to that corner of the Street—I think I hear the Constable and Watch.*D. Pier.* No. Rot 'em, they are making themselves drunk with Brandy. They'll ne'er mind us. Come, come, the sign, the sign. [*Marine whistles.*]*Enter Aminta with a Candle and Casket above.**Amin.* Who's there?*D. Pier.* What's that there in white?*Mar.* Hush, it must be she.*D. Pier.* In her Smock, I hope: To make a quicker dispatch of the Business.*Amint.* Who's there?*Mar.*



*Mar.* 'Tis I.

*Amin.* Are you alone? What's that yonder?

*Mar.* Two worthy Friends, that I've intrusted to assist me.

*Amin.* Oh my my Love: How shall I get to thee? For this jealous Wretch has taken the Key of the Street-door into his Chamber.

*Mar.* Leap into my Arms, I can bear thy weight with ease.

*Boldf.* 'Sbud, would I had her weight in Tobacco or Pepper. Why, what a bustle's here with a green Artichoak?

*Amin.* No—I must venture to get it from thence: In the mean time, catch this Casket; keep it diligently; for 'tis worth your Care: whilst I go and try my Fortune. [Exit.]

*Mar.* Make haste, my Dearest: For I am impatient, till I have thee in my Arms. Lieutenant!

*D. Pier.* How now? What has Heav'n sent us?

*Mar.* There's something in this Casket, Lieutenant, that will pay for our trouble.

*D. Pier.* Why, merry be her Heart: I like a Wench that pays well for her Man, before she has him: And of all Mistresses, your giving Mistress ought most to be admir'd.

*[A noise of breaking a Looking-glass within.]*

*Mar.* Hark, what's that?

*D. Pier.* Mischief! Ple lay my Life: The Truce is broken, and War will ensue. *Tarr*, hawl up thy Main Sheet, there's a Storm a coming. [Enter Aminta below.]

*Amin.* Oh, undone, undone! ruin'd for ever!

*D. Pier.* I thought so.

*Mar.* What's the matter, Sweet! Fear nothing. Thou art safe as in a Castle here.

*Amin.* Eagerly reaching the Key out of the Window, my Sleeve hitcht in the great Looking-glass, pull'd it after me, and broke it in pieces: Which has, I am sure, alarm'd the House. Hark—I hear 'em coming.

*D. Pier.* Well, well, and let 'em come. Captain, retreat you off with your Lady. *Tarr*, Come hither, and fix thy foot to mine: By this Hilt, if they come on, we'll mawle 'em.

*Boldf.* Is there any Plunder to be got, Boy? This scouring for nothing, is such cold Work——

*Enter La Mure and Boucher, with their Swords drawn ——— and three more.*

*La Mar.* O Diable! Rascal! Robera Teefe! V're are yee? Vat hoa! *Jacka, Petra, Tobee!* Vere are ye all, Sons of Whore? I am robbe: Oh Jernee! Mondieu. Here de are! fall on.

*D. Pier.* Harkee, Diable! Rascals! Teefe! or what do you call your self?

# A Common-Wealth of Women.

self? Get you gon, or I shall so pink your Guts, d'ee hear?

*La Mur.* Morbleu, Villain! pinka my Guts. Courage.

*D. Pier.* Nay, if you will be paunch'd, have at your French paunch.

[Fight, and beat 'em off.

*Bourch.* What, ho, Watch! Watch! Thieves, Thieves, murder.

*Boldf.* Sirrah, I'll spoil your Cackling presently.

*Enter Constable and Watch.*

*Const.* Stand, who goes there?

*D. Pier.* Oh, Mr. Constable, you are come opportunely: Here are a Company of disguis'd Turks, wou'd have Committed a rape upon a Lady just now; if it had not bin for this Gentleman, and my self.

*Const.* How, Turks in my Territories!

*D. Pier.* Notorious ones. They are all hous'd within there.

*Const.* Do I represent the Kings Person, and suffer Mahomet under my Nose, hah?

*Enter La Mure, &c.*

*La Mur.* Monsieur Constable, Monsieur Constable!

*D. Pier.* Seize, Seize him, Mr. Constable. He is a Mufti; and came over from St. Omers, with Doctor what d'ee call him?

*Const.* A Mufti! down with him, down with him, I say.

*La Mur.* Why, Monsieur Constable, vat you do? Is de Teevil in you?

*Watch.* Search the House, search the House—— [All go in.

*Du Pier.* Come Tarr, let's put off now: And go aboard immediately: I think the Coast is clear—— [Exeunt.

## A C T II. Scene I.

A Tempestuous Sea. Thunder and Lightning.

*Enter Boldsprite and three Sailers.*

*Boldf.* **L**ay her aloof: the Sea grows Boistrous: How it spits against the Clouds! how it Capers! And how the Thunder-thumping Element frights it back——There are Devils dancing Air, I think; I saw a Dolphin just now hang in the Horns of the Moon——shot from a Wave! Hey, how she kicks! how she yerks! Down with the Main Mast there, lay her at Hull. Furl up her Linnens, and let her ride it out.

1. Sail.



# A Common-Wealth of Women.

II

1. *Sail.* She'll never brook it, Master : She's so deep Laden, that she'll bulge.

2. *Sail.* We have discover'd the Land, Sir ; pray let's make in, she's so drunk, she may chance to cast up her Lading.

1 *Sail.* Stand in, Stand in. We are all lost else.

*Boldf.* Steer her a Starboard there. What, ho! call up the *Boat swain*.  
Holloa ——— below there!

*Enter Boatswain, Marine, Du Pier, Franvil, Frugal, Hazard, Surgeon.*

*Boatf.* What says my Master ? what shall we do ? We must cast up all her Lading : She will not swim an hour else.

*Mar.* What comfort, Master ? I never saw, since I've known the Sea, so rude a Tempest ! In what condition are we ?

*Boldf.* Dangerous enough, Sir. We have sprung five Leaks ; and no little ones ; Besides, her Ribs are open : and Rudder almost spent : But come, have good Courage. Death comes but once, and let him come in all his fury. *[Thunders still.]*

*Boatf.* The Storm is so lowd, we cannot hear one another.

*D. Pier.* What's the Coast.

*Boatf.* We know not yet. Let's bear in with all the Sail we can. *[Thunder agen.]*

*Surg.* Master, see what a Thunder-clap is coming : Oh Lord ! how dreadful it looks.

*D. Pier.* Ye fearful Rogue. Sirrah, thou hast bin praying, I see it in thy Face ; thou hast bin mumbling, when we are splitting. You Slave, is this a time to discourage your Friends with your Cold Ejaculations. Sirrah——let me but see thee look Religiously agen, and I'll flea thee, as I would an Eele.

*Mar.* Is't not possible to make in to the Land ? 'Tis here before us.

*Fran.* Here, hard by, Sir.

*Boldf.* Death is nearer, Gentlemen.

*Frug.* Oh, oh, oh.

*D. Pier.* Why, there's another Rogue now with his Bagpipes : Prithee, Dear Captain, give me leave to throw that Maudlin Fellow over-board.

*Haz.* Come let's go in, and read.

*Frug.* Ay, come. *[Ex. Fran. Frug. and Haz.]*

*Mar.* Let's hoist the Boat out, and go all at one Cast ; the more the merrier.

*Boldf.* Hold, you are too hasty, Captain ; d'ee long to be in the Fish-market, before your time ? hold her up there. *[Thunder still.]*

# A Common-Wealth of Women.

Enter Aminta, and Chaplain.

*Amint.* Oh miserable Fortune!

*D. Pier.* So! now we are like to have rare Musick?

*Chapl.* Mercy, mercy, what will become of us? Pray, Gentlemen———pray.

*D. Pier.* Lookee! prithee, my Dear; no more words now, by this Light——— thou art the most unseasonable Rogue in a Storm. Nay, prithee be gone.

*Chapl.* Pray, Gentlemen; pray, pray——— [Ex. Chaplain.

*Amint.* Nothing but horror sounding in my Ears: No promise of rest to my poor frightened Soul! gentle Master, is there no hopes?

*Boldf.* None, that I know! Dev'l, Clap this Woman under hatches.

*Mar.* Prithce speak mildly to her. Have patience, Sweet.

*Boldf.* Keep her thus, keep her thus.

*Amint.* Oh, that Wave will devour me! Oh———

*Boldf.* Carry her down, Captain——— or by these hands I'll give no more Direction. We have ne're better Luck, when we have such Stowage as these Trinckets with us. These sweet Sin-breeders; how can Heaven smile on us———when such a Burthen of Iniquity———lyes tumbling like a potion in the Ships belly.

[Ex. Boldf. D. Pier. Sea-men.

*Amint.* What shall I do, my Heart and Senses fail me?

*Mar.* Come in with me. And try if thou canst sleep:  
Thy pretty Heart wild-fears so long have rock'd;  
Calm rest will steal upon it.

*Amint.* Oh *Marine*,

Remember, 'tis for you I meet these Dangers.

For you, expose my self to Seas and Horrors, and fears innumerable.

*Marine.* I know thou do'st.

And think too, I have treasur'd the Remembrance within me here,  
fast lock'd up in my heart; and yet I doubt not but a Day will  
come——To Crown our flourishing Loves, and make us happy. [Ex.

Enter Boldsprite, Du Pier, Franvil, Frug. Hazard,  
Surgeon, and Boatswain.

*Boldf.* Throw out the Lading, it must all over-board.

*Boatf.* It clears to Sea ward, Master: Heave out there: Let's lighten her! all the Meat and the Cakes. We are all gone else. That we may find her Leaks, and hold her up.

*Frug.* Must my goods over too? Kind, honest Master:  
Why, here lies all my Money——— the Money I have rak'd by  
Usury,



Usury, to buy new Lands and Mannors in new Countreys.—I have been these 20 years a raising.

*D. Pier.* Over with it.

The Devils are got together by the Ears, who shall have it.—And here they quarrel in the Clouds.

*Frug.* Oh, I am undone!

*D. Pier.* Hang ye, Mungrels, would you be only happy?

*Frug.* Save but one Chest of Plate!

*D. Pier.* Away with it lustily, Sailors; it was some Pawn that he has got unjustly, down with it low enough; and let Crabs breed in't.

*Enter Marine.*

*Boldsp.* Over with the Truncks too.

*Mar.* Take mine, and spare not.

*Boldsp.* Nay, nay; all that has weight must go.

*Fran.* Will you throw away my Lordship, that I sold, to buy me a fine Wardrobe—For pity's sake, be favourable to my fine Wardrobe.

*D. Pier.* Over with it—I love to see a Lordship sink. My Friend, you left no Wood upon't, to buoy it up, you might have sav'd it else.

*Haz.* For my part, I have nothing of weight, but my Prayer-Book: And that, I am resolv'd, shall not burden the Ship. There 'tis.—

[*Throws it Over-board.*]

*D. Pier.* Why, well said!

*Surg.* Come, come, Lieutenant, you may lose too.

*D. Pier.* Thou ly'st: I have nothing to lose, but my Maidenhead, my Skin, my Cloaths, my Sword here, and my Self, two Crowns in my Pocket, two pair of Cards, and three false Dice—I can swim like a Fish, Rascal, nothing to hinder me.

*Boats.* In with her of all hands.

*Boldsp.* Come Captain, come Gentlemen: Ye must all help, my Life now for the Land. 'Tis high, and very Rocky.

*Mar.* However, let's attempt it.

*Boldsp.* Then Cheer lustily, my Hearts, and away with her. [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE, a Barren Island.

*Enter Sebastian, and Nicusa, savagely drest.*

*Sebast.* **I**T must be a Ship—I see it now; a tall Ship, she has wrought lustily for her Deliverance! Heav'n's Mercy! what a dismal Day has here been?

*Nicuf.* To still and quiet Minds that know no Miseries, it may seem wretched;

wretched; but with us 'tis ordinary. Heav'n has no Storm in store,  
nor Earth no Terror, that can seem new to us.

*Sebast.* 'Tis true, my Son;

If Fortune were determin'd to be wanton,  
And wou'd wipe out the story of Mens Miseries,  
Yet we two, living still, should cross her purpose:  
Canst thou see 'em? Do they live still?

*Nicu.* Yes: and make to Shore!

*Sebast.* Most miserable Men; I pity 'em.

*Nicu.* What Shouts of Joy they make?

[*Shout.*

*Sebast.* Alas! poor Wretches!

Had they but once Experience of this Island,  
They'd turn their Shouts to Howlings.

*Nicu.* Nay, to Curses!

That ever they set Foot on this sad place.

*Sebast.* Sad indeed: where nothing is but Rocks and Barrenness;  
Hunger and Cold—Here's no Vineyards  
To cheer the Heart of Man: Nor Chrystal Rivers,  
After his Labour, to refresh his Body;  
If he be Feeble, nothing to restore him,  
But Heav'nly Hopes: Nature, that made those Remedies,  
Dares not come here, nor look on our Distresses,  
For fear she turn Wild, like the place, and Barren.

*Nicu.* Then, Sir, the memory of what we were,  
When we were seated in our blessed Homes,  
Gives us a double Misery.

*Sebast.* Oh Curse on those *French* Pirates that displanted us,  
And drove me from my Wife and pretty Children,  
To live a wretched Life, upon this fatal Island.

*Nicu.* They are living yet, I hope, Sir; such Goodness  
Cannot perish.

*Sebast.* They may live—but never to me, my Son,  
Never to me again—Look on't—What bear  
Their Flagg-staves?

*Nicu.* The Arms of *England*.

*Sebast.* They get to Shore apace. What's that which  
Swims?

*Nicu.* A strong young Man! with a handsome  
Woman hanging about his Neck.

*Sebast.* A Noble Fellow, I warrant him!

May this brave Charity, who e're thou art,  
Be spoken in a place that may renown thee,  
And not dye here.

*Nicu.* Their Boat it seems turn'd over,  
And fore'd them to their Shifts, yet all are landed—

They



They are certainly Pyrates.

*Sebast.* Let 'em be what they will, they will not Rob us;  
For none will take our Misery for Riches;  
Come, Son, let us descend, and try their Pities;  
If we get off, we have a little hopes;  
If not, we shall but load this wretched Island  
With the same Shaddows still that must grow shorter. [Exit.

*Enter* Marine, Aminta, Du Pier, Boldsprite, Franvil, Frugal, Hazard,  
Boatswain, Surgeon, and Sailors.

*D. Pier.* Wet come a Shore, my Hearts; we are safe arriv'd tho'.

*Mar.* Thanks to Heavens Goodness! and no Man lost neither, but the poor Chaplain.

*D. Pier.* Ay—the poor Soul-Broker's gone, he was wash'd, with a Wave, off the Quarter-Deck—I saw his Caslock and he fluttering between Wind and Water, a great while——Well, Peace be with him, he was too good for us.

*Mar.* The Weather's turn'd more Courteous: and the Ship rides fair too, and her Leaks in good plight:  
How does my Dear? Alas, poor Heart!  
How weak she is, and wet!

*Amint.* I am glad I escap'd with Life:  
For which, Dear Captain, I am oblig'd to you:  
Oh let the Heav'ns but bless me with a means  
How to reward such Love, and I am happy.

*Mar.* This Rosy kiss rewards me ten times o're,  
And this ten thousand.

*Amint.* I cannot speak for Joy. [Embrace.

*Mar.* My Dearest Life——Well, what cheer, my Lads?

*D. Pier.* Faith! no great Cheer, Captain! a piece of Sous'd Bisket, and half a hard Egg: For the Sea has taken order, being young and strong, we shall not surfeit: For my own part, the Water has made a mear Toste of me; I am sopt rarely: However, Ple Dance till I am dry: Come, Surgeon, out with your Glister-pipe, Sirrah, and strike a Galliard.

*Mar.* Why, what a brave day is here? And what fair Weather, after so foul a Storm?

*Frug.* Ay, if the Master had not been bewitch'd, he might have foreseen this Weather, and have sav'd our Goods! Oh my dear Plate and Jewels! Oh my dear Money! Vengeance on the Master.

*Franv.* Ay, and twenty small Curses beside; I have lost my fine Wardrobe; oh insupportable! the Ladies will hate me.

*Mar.* Oh never think on 'em: VVe have our Lives and Healths!

*Haz.* For my part I've lost nothing, but my Pray'r Book: I sav'd my other Cargo, my bale of Dice: therefore I am happy. *Frug.*

*Frug.* Not think of 'em, Sir ! I must and will think of 'em: And that 'twas most maliciously done, to undo me,

*Fran.* And me too: I lost all :

I had fifteen fair Suits: the worst of 'em Embroider'd ; and now I ha'n't so much as a Shirt left.

*D. Pier.* Ha, ha, ha, hast not, Faith?

*Fran.* No, by this Light ; nor ragg of Cloaths neither, but these poor things.

*D. Pier.* Give me thy hand : I am glad on't with all my Heart. Is thy Skin whole?

*Fran.* Sir, you may spare your Raillery.

*D. Pier.* Faith, I shannot ! Harkee, wilt thou see a Dog-fish now rise in one of thy brave Doublets? And tumble like a Tub, to make thee merry? Or an Old Haddock rise with thy Beaver Hat on? A Mermaid in a Waistcoat of your Worships; or a Dolphin with your Point Crevat?

*Fran.* You are merry, Sir ; but if I take it thus—if I be foisted and jeer'd out of my V Vardrobe—

*Frug.* Nor I, neither.

*Haz.* Nor will I leave my Friends.

*Frug.* Neither Master, nor Mate, nor none of you shall abuse me: I say our Goods might ha' been sav'd ; and I'll have satisfaction.

*Mar.* Nay, be not angry, Gentlemen.

*Fran.* Sir, we have reason : And some Friends I can make.

*Boldf.* Why, you Scoundrels ! was not what I did for the general Safety? if you aim at me, I am not so tame——

*Haz.* No, nor we neither.

[Offer to draw.

*D. Pier.* Pray take my Counsel, Gallants : Fight not till the Surgeon be well, d'ee hear? He's damnable Sea-sick yonder : and may spoil all: Besides he has lost his Fiddle-stick——And the best Box of Boars-grease. Nay——do not draw your Swords ; for if you do.——

*Mar.* Who would you fight with, Gentlemen? Who has done you wrong? For shame be better temper'd ; no soper come to give thanks for our safeties, but we must raise new Civil Broils among us——Put up, put up, for shame.——

*Fran.* We have been wrong'd, Sir, and damnably too.

*D. Pier.* Nay, lookee ; if you will needs fight, and think to raise new Riches by your Valours, come——have at you : I have little else to do now : I have said my Prayers——You say you have lost, and make your Loss your Quarrel, and grumble at my Captain here, and the Master: two worthy Persons, indeed, too worthy for such Rascals——Come you Wardrobe Gallant, come on: and you, Money Merchant, that build on Golden Monuments in *Potosi*. Come, draw all your Swords, ye say ye are miserable?

*Mar.* Put up, Gentlemen, or, by this light, he'll swinge you damnably——I see't in's Face.

*D. Pier.*



*D. Pier.* Captain stand by a little: And see how I'll correct 'em. I'll make 'em ten times poorer ——— I will not leave 'em ——— for look you, fighting is as nourishing to me, as eating: I was born quarrelling.

*Mar.* Come, they'll Consider.

*D. Pier.* I will not leave 'em skin to cover 'em: there's no joint shall stand in's proper place. D'ee grumble when you are well, you Rogues?

*Frug.* A Devilish Fellow this Lieutenant. Gad he has quash'd me already.

*D. Pier.* 'Scape drowning, and d'ee prate?

*Amint.* Pray, Gentlemen, for my sake be quiet; let it become me to make all Friends.

*Fran.* We have so much breeding, not to deny a Lady any thing: Come let's put up.

*Frug.* Ay, ay: We were to blame, to draw before the Lady, that's the truth on't.

*Haz.* This Passion, and too much Courage, is a damnable fault.

*D. Pier.* 'Tis well, 'tis very well: There's half a Bisket, break it amongst you all, and thank my Bounty; that is Cloaths and Plate too now. Come no more quarrels.

*Enter Sebastian and Nicusa.*

*Mar.* Ha! in the name of wonder, what have we here?  
Are they humane Creatures?

*D. Pier.* I have heard of Sea-Calves.

*Amint.* They are no shadows sure, they have legs and arms.

*D. Pier.* Ay, they hang but scurvily on though.

*Surg.* What Beards they have?

*D. Pier.* They have sown Horse Tails to their Faces, to keep ——— 'em warm.

*Amint.* How their Eyes are sunk, as if they had bin frightened; sure they are wretched Men?

*D. Pier.* There are Wardrobes for you: Look you, my Friend, what do you think of these now for a Couple of Courtiers?

*Boldf.* They kneel, sure they would beg something.

*Mar.* What are you? Speak, are you Substances, or wandering shadows, that find no peace on Earth, till you reveal some secret?

*Sebast.* We are Men as you are, onely our Miseries make us seem Monsters; if ever pity dwelt in noble Hearts ———

*Mar.* Stand up, and speak boldly.

*Nicuf.* If you are Christians, and by that blessed Name bound to relieve us. Convey us from this Island.

*D. Pier.* Speak ——— what are you?

D

*Sebast.*

*Sebast.* Of honourable Birth ; to tell you more,  
 VVere but to number up our own Calamities,  
 And make our Eyes wilde with perpetual weepings ;  
 This many years, in this most wretched Island  
 VVe two have liv'd, the Scorn and Game of Fortune,  
 Bless your selves from it ! noble Gentlemen !  
 The greatest plagues that Humane Nature suffers,  
 Are seated here : VVildness and VVants innumerable.

*Mar.* How came you hither ?

*Sebast.* In a small Vessel : Driven hither by *French* Pyrates, to save  
 my VVealth from those insulting Robbers.

*Amin.* *French* Pyrates ! Oh my heart !

*Mar.* Is all the Island uninhabited ?

*Nicuf.* Most desolate, neither Man nor Beast to comfort or sustain us.

*Sebast.* No summer here to promise any thing,  
 Nor Autumn to make full the Reapers hand ;  
 The Earth, obdurate to the Tears of Heav'n,  
 Let's nothing shoot or grow, but poisonous VVeeds :  
 No Rivers, nor no pleasant Groves : No Beasts.  
 All that were made for Man's use, flye this place.  
 Serpents, and ugly things, the shames of Nature.  
 Roots of malignant tastes, foul standing VVaters,  
 Sometimes we finde a fulsome Sea Root,  
 And that's a Delicate ; a Rat sometimes,  
 And that we hunt, like Princes in their pleasure ;  
 And if we take a Toad, we make a Banquet.

*Frug.* Oh Lord ! we shall be starv'd too ! Mercy on us, eat a Toad !  
 did he say ?

*Fran.* VVould I were at home agen with my dear Matrimony, I begin  
 to be weary of rambling.

*Amin.* For Heaven's sake, let's aboard, I would discourse with  
 this Fellow ; for my mind gives me, he can tell me something of  
 my Father ?

[*Apart to the Captain.*

*Mar.* D'ee know no farther ?

*Nicusa.* VVe have sometimes seen the shadow of a place  
 Inhabited : And heard the noise of Hunters.  
 And have attempted to find it as far as a River,  
 Deep, slow, and dangerous, fenc'd with high Rocks,  
 VVould give us leave ; but not able to atchieve that hazard,  
 Return'd to our old miseries : And, Gentlemen,  
 If this sad story may deserve your pities—

*Mar.* You shall aboard with us ; we will relieve you.

*Sebast.* VVe will not be unthankful for this Benefit ;  
 No, Gentlemen, we'll pay for our deliverance :

Look



Look you, that plough the Sea, for wealth and pleasure,  
That out-run Day and Night with your Ambitions:  
Look on those heaps, remove 'em, view 'em fully.

*D. Pier.* By Heaven, 'tis Gold and Jewels!

*Fran.* How!

*Frug.* VVhat's that? Gold and Jewels!

*Sebast.* Be not too hasty, here lies another heap.

*Boldf.* And here another; all Gold! by this Light.

*Mar.* Stand farther off, you must not be your own Carvers.

*Frug.* VVe have shares, and large ones——I'll have my Plate  
and Money made good.

*Fran.* And I my VVard-robe.

*Haz.* Ay, and we'll Carve our selves too. VVhat hoa! Fellow-  
Sailers, stand to your freedoms: Gold, gold. *[Enter Sailers.]*

*Sebast.* Take heed, Gentlemen;

This Gold was the overthrow of my happiness.  
For landing here with a party of *Negro-Slaves*,  
That I commanded to assist me against the *Pirates*:  
This cursed Gold enticing 'em, they set upon me, and my Son here;  
wounded us almost to Death.

And then their Civil Swords, who should be owners:  
First in their rage, consum'd the Vessel that brought us,  
And next themselves by heaps. Oh be you wise and careful.

*Frug.* Tell not me of Care, Sir——holloa! All that will share with  
us——assist us. I'll have all this. *[They scramble.]*

*Fran.* And I this.

*D. Pier.* You shall be hang'd first: Captain, let's set in.

*Mar.* This Damn'd Gold will undo us all.

*Frug.* My Losses must be made good.

*Fran.* And so must mine; or else this Sword shall right me.

*Mar.* Nay if you will be Dogs—— *[Draws.]*

*D. Pier.* Let me come, Captain.

This Golden Age must have an Iron ending:  
Have at the Bunch.

*[Falls on, and beats 'em off.]*

*Amint.* Stay, dear *Marine*! Lieutenant, oh Heavens! what will be-  
come of us? *[Exit after them.]*

*Sebast.* Now Fortune favour us. Come Son, if we stay here, we  
dye: Here rides their Ship. Whilst they are gone to the spoil——  
let us make quick use, and get off.

*Nicuf.* Away ——Dear Father.

*Sebast.* This Gold was our overthrow.

*Nicuf.* It may be now our happiness. *[Exeunt.]*

# A Common-Wealth of Women.

*Re-enter Marine, Du Pier, and the rest.*

*D. Pier.* You shall have Gold: Yes! I'll cram it into you—you shall be your own Carvers, yes; I'll carve you, base greedy Rogues. Captain, let's make an end of 'em.

*Mar.* No—hang 'em, though they are Villains, yet they are our Countrey-men: prithee Master get the Boat ready, and let's aboard.

*Fran.* Oh, I am hurt to Death.

*Frug.* And I—my Leg is almost cut off— Oh.

*Re enter Surgeon and Boatswain.*

*Surg.* Oh Captain, we are undone, we are undone; all miserable! ruin'd—lost—the ship—the Ship:

*Mar.* What of her?

*Surg.* Oh she's under sail, and floating: See where she flies—see to your shames, you Wretches, those poor starv'd things that shew'd us Gold, have chous'd us.

*D. Pier.* We are snapt finely.

*Boatsf.* They have cut her Cables, and got her out: The Tide too has befriended them.

*Mar.* Oh damn'd misfortune! why, where were all the Saylers that kept her?

*Boldsf.* Here in the mutiny, to take up Money, with a Pox to 'em: And left no Creature; left the Boat a shore too. Oh this Gold! This damn'd bewitching Gold.

*Frug.* Oh we shall be starv'd, we shall be starv'd.

*Haz.* Come back, good Men; come back, good old Men——

*Frug.* Come back, good honest Men.

[*Kneeling.*

*D. Pier.* Come back, good Men, come back: Yes, 'tis very likely they will! D'ee look like Dogs now? Are your mighty Courages abated?

[*Jeers 'em, and throws 'em down.*

*Amint.* This is the worst of miseries: Oh what shall we do?

*D. Pier.* Retire, Sir, and comfort her, and let us make the best use of our Misfortune: I'll but vex these Rascals a little, and come to you straight——

[*Ex. Mar. and Aminta.*

*Frug.* Oh I am hurt and hungry, hurt and hungry, very hungry.

*D. Pier.* Here's a pestle of a *Portigue*, Sir. 'Tis excellent meat, with soure Sawce: And here's two Chains, you may suppose 'em Sawfages: Then there wants Mustard; but the Surgeon there will supply that presently with Salves.

*Surg.* My Salves, and all my Instruments are lost, and I am hurt and starv'd.

*D. Pier.* Starv'd! what in a Land that flows with Milk and Honey!



ney ! a second *Canaan* ! Come, Faith, let's go all to supper.

*Omnes.* Ay, where's the meat ?

*D. Pier.* Where's the meat ? VVhy, what a Veal voice is there ?

*Frug.* Veal——gad would we had it.

*Fran.* Ay, or Mutton either : tho' 'twere of a rotten Sheep that dy'd in a Ditch.

*D. Pier.* Now would I cut your throats ye Dogs ; but that I won't do you such a Courtesie to keep you from the Benefit of starving ; which will be, and suddenly ; unless you can eat Mud, and fancy 'tis Custard ; to which excellent repast, I leave ye : Your first Course is serv'd up. Expect the second hereafter—— [Exit.

*Erug.* Ah, Pox o' these Jewels.

*Fran.*

*Haz.* } Oh this Curfed Gold.——

[*Ex omnes.*

## A C T III. Scene I.

A flat Rock.

*Enter Marine and Aminta.*

*Mar.* NO Comfort yet, nor hopes of a relief,  
No welcome Plant, or wholesome Fruit to help us,  
Against oppressing Famine: Oh Heaven !

To what Fate do our Cruel Stars reserve us !

How does my Dear, art thou not faint and weak ?

*Amint.* Not much ; your Company is still a Cordial to me.

*Mar.* You good Angels, that are ingag'd, when our Ability  
Fails, to reward Virtue, look on this Lady ;

For me, tho' Famine gripes my Croaking Entrai's,

Yet when I kiss these lips, methinks

I am at a Banquet ; a refreshing Banquet.

Speak, my Dearest life, art thou not hungry ?

*Amint.* Indeed, I could eat to keep you company.

*Mar.* Blush, unkind Nature ! Canst thou supply a Drunkard ?  
And with a prodigal hand give choice of VVines,

Till he disgorge thy Blessings ? Or a Glutton,

That robs the Element, to sooth his Pallat ;

And onely Eats to beget Appetite,

Not to be satisfy'd ? And suffer here

A Virgin, which the Saints wou'd make their Guest,

To

To pine for hunger.

[Horns blow within.

Hah, if my Sense

Deceive me not, these sounds take Being

From the breath of Men : Confirm me, dear *Aminta*.

This way the gentle Wind convey's it to us ;

Hear you nothing ?

[Horns agen.

*Amint.* Yes, plainly ; it seems the Hunters Musick.

*Mar.* Still 'tis louder : And I remember the two *Portugals*  
Inform'd us, they had often heard such sounds ;

But ne're could touch the Shore from whence they came.

*Amint.* Nor is it to be hop'd we shall : This envious  
Torrent's cruelly interpos'd to hinder us, and we

Have no Vessel that may transport us :

Nor has Nature given us Wings to flye.

*Mar.* Better try all hazards,  
Than perish here remediless.

To serve my sweet *Aminta*,

These Arms shall be my Oars, with which I'll swim,

And my Zeal, to save thy precious Innocence,

Like wings shall bear me up spite of these horrid waves.

*Amint.* Will you then leave me ?

*Mar.* But for a moment, Sweet : And believe,  
Tho' pleasure met me in most ravishing Form ;  
And happiness courted me to entertain her,  
I would not eat, nor sleep, till I return'd ;  
And Crown'd thee with my Fortune.

*Amint.* Oh but your Absence, and my Fears, what mischief  
May happen to you in that Fatal place,  
Will certainly distract me.

*Mar.* Suppose it but a Dream, and try to sleep.  
Think you have sent me for discovery  
Of some most fortunate Continent, yet unknown ;  
Which you are to be Queen of.  
And all ye Powers, that Value Lovers prayers,  
Or Cherish true affection, guard my Love  
In your protection, let her cease to mourn,  
Nor sigh, or shed a Tear till my return.

[Exeunt.

*Scene draws off, and discovers a Grotto, and Rosy Bower, plac'd in the  
midst of a pleasant Country. And Roselia seated high, with Clarinda,  
Hippolita, Julietta, Menalippe, Aglaura, Ariadne, Clita, and other  
Ladies, all drest in Amazonian Habits, plac'd about her.*



A SONG between two *Amazons*.

1 Am. **L**iberty's the Soul of Living,  
Every hour new Joys receiving;  
No sharp Pangs our hearts are grieving,  
Liberty's the Soul of Living.

2.

Here are no false Men pursuing  
Youth or Beauty to its Ruine  
Murmuring sighs, like Turtles Cooing;  
Nor the bitter Sweets of Wooing.  
Liberty's the Soul of Living,  
Liberty's the Soul of Living.

3.

2 Am. In soft dreams our Souls are wasted,  
All our solid Joys are blasted.  
Sweet Diana, e're I'm past it,  
Change thy Law, and let me taste it.

4.

But how vain are Hopes or Sorrows,  
Pensive Nights, or sighing Morrows  
Love's a Prey, not destin'd for us.  
All our Quivers want their Arrows.  
There's no Liberty like Loving,  
There's no Liberty like Loving.

Chorus of Both.

Then since, we are doom'd to be Chaste;  
And loving is counted a Crime,  
We'll to our new Pleasures make haste.  
Sing, Revel, and laugh out our Time,  
And do what we can,  
Not to think of a Man,  
But make the best use of our Prime.

*Rosel.* They that say Women are not fit to Govern,  
Betray their weakness, and their want of Knowledge:

For

For what Perfection is there in the Male,  
 That is not in the Female: Grant, their Composure stronger,  
 Their Bodies Courser, and more fit for Wars,  
 Which some of us, do haply contradict:  
 I cannot yet Conceive, why this shou'd bind us  
 To be their Slaves; our Souls are Male as theirs;  
 And that we have hitherto forborn t'assume,  
 And mannage Thrones: I say, altho' we have not  
 Challeng'd a Sovereignty in Arts and Arms;  
 And writ our selves Imperial, hath bin  
 Mens Tyranny, and our Modesty—not defects,  
 Or want of Judgment: Blest be then the hour  
 That threw me on this Shore, inhabited by Warlike Women,  
 That keep men in Subjection: And by them, chosen to rule:  
 Where, since I lost *Sebastian*, and *Nicusa*;  
 My Husband, and dear Son, by those *French Pyrates*;  
 All others of their Sex have met my hate.

*Clar.* And shall they still do so?

*Rosel.* For ever, Girl!

Thou darling of my life: my Dear *Clarinda*,  
 I say for ever.

*Hip.* And must I always dream, and dream then, and to no purpose—by this light I will have a Husband, or she shall never live a good day.

*Ariad.* Nay, the Protectress is too severe, that's the truth on't.

*Juliet.* Because she's Old, she thinks every one has as little Occasion for a Husband, as her self: But she's mistaken in me, I can assure Her.

*Clita.* Ay, and in me too.

*Rosel.* And therefore more to confirm my Resolution,  
 That we may still keep out insulting Man,  
 I here appoint, when-e're I chance to dye,  
 That the succession fall on my *Clarinda*.

*Clar.* Madam, with humblest Duty,  
 I pay my thanks: but fear the Common-wealth  
 Will murmur at this positive Election;  
 She being always chosen to Govern here,  
 That's voted by the People, as you were——

*Hip.* Which Custome shall continue. We'll have no Arbitrary proceedings.

*Jul.* No: nor will we have our Privileges impos'd upon, unless she will give us Men.

*Rosel.* What's that you murmur about men?

*Menal.* Men! Out upon 'em, I'll assure your Highness, our thoughts are ———

*Jul.*



*Jul.* Of nothing else, if the truth were known.

*Rosel.* Once more I vote *Clarinda* my Successor:  
And will in this Position be obey'd,  
Or like a stormmy Rage lets loose upon ye:  
I give you leave to consider — *Menalippe*, *Clita*, follow me. You are  
too young to ingage in private Factions: And therefore meet my  
pitty — but for the rest —  
Let them take heed, how they my Will debate,  
Or act a Crime they may repent too late.

[*Ex. Ros. Clarind. Menal. Clita, Guards.*

*Hip.* She behaves her self, as if she were Immortal,  
Or as the Sun, or she had equal Influence,  
And did oblige the World with mutual Blessings.

*Jul.* If such Pride as this hold long, we are like to have a hopeful Government.

*Ariad.* Ay, and without Men too, to keep us Company,  
And be Civil to us, I assure ye: my Dears, now we are alone, and  
have liberty to speak our thoughts, In my Opinion, this usage of our  
Protectress is not to be endur'd.

*Jul.* Endur'd! by my Virginity, 'tis downright Tyranny: For I  
confess, for my own part, I have no liking to this single solitary  
Life; nor do I love hunting other Creatures so well, but I had as  
lieve be hunted my self.

*Hip.* Nor I, by *Venus*.

*Jul.* By *Venus*! by *Diana*, I hope you meant to swear, *Hippolita*?  
she, you know, had the most Virtues.

*Hip.* It may be so: But I'm sure t'other had the most Wit.

*Ariad.* Very fine: I wish you could influence the Protectress with  
this Doctrine.

*Jul.* Pox on her, nothing can influence an old Woman, but a  
*Julip*.

*Ariad.* Oh, Eringo's, or an Ownc or two of Green Ginger,  
would work admirable Effects.

*Hip.* I know not what Consolation she may have, but if I have a-  
ny Comfort in this life, but when I sleep, I am a Whore.

*Jul.* A Whore! Oh *Venus*! what a sweet charming luscious honey  
word, has this raw Creature thrown away — A Whore! what the  
Devil, would you be an Angel?

*Hip.* Would I were a VVhore upon a good account.

*Jul.* Or I either: Oh little *England's* a sweet place for this pur-  
pose, the VVhores have as much respect there as the Women of  
Quality.

*Ariad.* And more than their Wives, I hear, a thousand times.

*Jul.* But you were talking of Dreams, Sweet-heart: And last night  
I had the sweetest sure, that ever woman had; for methought as I

was lying in my Cabine, a fine young brisk, well shap'd man, stole softly to me all unbutton'd, and taking me in his Arms, kiss'd me, on my Conscience, above twenty times.

*Ariad.* Dence take you : You have made my mouth run with water.

*Jul.* Lord ! what a man is this, thought I, to do this to a Maid : And so stretching out my Arms, thinking to Catch him fast——

*Hip.* You wak'd, and found nothing——

*Jul.* Even so : Therefore the Devil take all false Figures, I say.

*Hip.* And so say I too : For my part I have wish'd the Statues in the Garden had bin real, a thousand times.

*Enter Clarinda, Menalippe, Clita.*

*Clar.* Come, Ladies, are you not for hunting ?  
VVe dull our selves for want of Exercife.  
There's not a gilded Hour adorns the day ;  
But smiling, greets us with some new adventure ;  
Away for shame, and clog not your clear bloods  
VVith that perpetual Bane of Beauty, Idleness.

*Hip.* Madam, we wait on you : Who rouz'd the Stag ?

*Menal.* *Clarinda*, and in the instant,  
Lodg'd a Steel-Headed Arrow in his Hanch,  
VVith which he's fled.

*Enter Marine.*

*Hip.* Ha, what's this comes here ?

*Ariad.* By all that's good, a man : shall I shoot him.

*Clar.* No, no : 'Tis a handsome Beast, sure.

*Menal.* VVould we had more o' the Breed, really 'tis a very Comely Creature.

Let's hear if it can speak ?

*Mar.* VVhat Heavenly place is this ?

VVhere Beings more than humane keep their Residence ?

Sure I have past the Baleful stygian Gulf ?

And now touch on the blessed Shore : 'Tis so,  
This is Elizium : And these the happy Spirits ;  
That here enjoy all pleasures.

*Clita.* He comes towards us ! O Lord ! won't it eat me ?

*Hip.* Stand, or I'll shoot.

*Clar.* Hold——he makes no resistance.

*Mar.* Be not offended Goddesses, that I fall  
Thus prostrate at your feet ? Or, if not such,  
But Nymphs of *Diana's* Train, that range these Groves ;

VVhich



Which you forbid to men : Vouchsafe to know,  
That tho' I am a man, I am not fold  
So far to Impudence, as to presume  
To press upon your privacies for my self,  
No, that I am an humble Suiter to you,  
Is for a Virgin—Comes as near your selves  
In all perfection, as what's mortal may  
Resemble things Divine : O pity her,  
And let your Charity free her from yon Desart;  
If Heavenly Charity can reach to Hell.  
For sure that place comes near it : And where e're  
This wretched frame of mine shall find a Being,  
Eternally I shall pour Blessings on you.

*Hip.* By my Maden-head I cannot hurt him now :  
Well, some of these mankind have strange influences.

*Menal.* Really, 'tis the finest thing that ever I saw in my life :  
Wou'd he wou'd come and kiss me. [*Aside.*

*Clar.* Cruel *Hippolita*, how could'st thou find in thy Heart to kill him ?

*Hip.* Madam, if I had done it, I had but obey'd your Mother's Com-  
mands.

*Clar.* If she Commands unjust and Cruel things,  
We are not to obey her.

*Jul.* Oh, fits the Wind there ?

*Clar.* Pray see what an excellent shape it has ?  
Why should it be infectious ?

*Aglau.* I have heard my Mother say, I had a Father : And was not  
he a Man ?

*Ariad.* Questionless, Madam.

*Aglau.* Your Fathers too, were men ?

*Clita.* Without doubt.

*Aglau.* And without such, it is impossible  
We cou'd have bin.

*Hip.* A sin against Nature, to deny it.

*Aglau.* Nor can we ever hope to be made Mothers without 'em.

*Menal.* Never, never ; 'tis impossible.

*Jul.* Ay, by my faith is it.

*Clar.* Why, how then could you have design of killing the likeness  
of the thing by which you are.

*Hip.* Only in obedience to your Mother.

*Clar.* Age is not sensible of it's own Barbarity. I swear I am re-  
solv'd to defend and keep him.

*Jul.* For your own Use. [*Aside.*

*Ariad.* Nay, if you are resolv'd on't, I'll assist you.

*Ariad.* } And I.  
*Menal.* }

*Clita.* And all of us.

*Jul.* Well, I see by instinct, though a Maid have never seen a Man; there are some certain motions that inform her—but here's the Protectress; now I expect a Storm.

*Enter Roselia and Guards.*

*Rosel.* Child of my flesh,  
But stranger to my fair unspotted mind;  
Unhand this Monster.

*Clar.* Monster, Mother!

*Rosel.* Yes, Monster, I say Monster.

*Jul.* Would I had him alone in my Cave for all that;  
I should not be affraid he would swallow me.

*Rosel.* Whose every word is as a *Syrens* note,  
To drown the careless hearer: Have I not taught the  
The falsehood, and the perjuries of men?  
On whom, but for a woman to shew pity,  
Is to be cruel to her self: The Sovereignty,  
Proud and Imperious men usurp upon us,  
We confer on our selves. And love those Fetters  
we fasten to our freedoms. Have we, *Clarinda*,  
E're since *Sebastian's* loss, thy noble Father,  
Planted our selves here in a Common-Wealth,  
With execrable Oaths, never to look  
On man, but as a Monster; and wilt thou  
Be the first President, to infringe those Vows  
We made to Heaven?

*Clar.* Vows made in heat, and wild temerity,  
With Heaven, still pass for nothing. Alas! Madam, should women  
always use this rigid abstinence, in a few years the whole world  
would be peopled only with Beasts. Besides, pray look on him:  
Is there not something nobler in his Face,  
Than graces others?

*Ariad.* Spoke to the purpose, Madam: Let's speak well of the man  
now we have him—Come, come, there's but few of the sort.

*Jul.* We must, and will have the man: therefore speak boldly,  
Madam.

*Clita* Ay—or we'll shake off all Obedience.

*Clar.* Madam, you'll lose your Subjects hearts for ever,  
If you deny this Justice.

*Rosel.* Are you all mad?

That no perswasion can have power upon you;  
Suppose you had my Suffrage to your Suit,  
Can this weak Ship-wrack'd wretch supply you all!

*Hp.*



*Hip.* Not together, indeed.

*Menal.* No—but by Times, and Turns, he may, for ought I know.

*Mar.* Gracious Lady,

I have Fellows in my misery : Not far hence,  
Divided only by that hellish River,  
There live a Company of wretched men ;  
Such as your Charity may make your Slaves ;  
Imagine all the miseries Mankind  
May suffer under : And they groan beneath 'em.

*Clar.* But are they all like you ?

*Jul.* Speak they your Language, are they kind men ?

*Ariad.* Are they young, healthy men ? Come, there's the point.

*Mar.* They were when I left 'em,  
And in their *May* of Youth, and flowing blood,  
And such as might deserve you ; now cold and hunger  
Hath lessen'd their perfection, but restor'd  
To what they were, I doubt not they'll appear  
VVorthy your favours.

*Clita.* This is a Blessing we could not hope for.

*Clar.* Dear Mother—be not obdurate.

*Rosel.* O thou fond foolish Girl ! when thou shalt find  
Their Levity, and their Neglect of Love,  
Thou'lt mourn thy easiness, and Curse their Sex.  
But come, for once your Suits are granted :  
And first, all you that are for the Men, hold up your hands ;  
Very well. [All hold up.

Now you, whose colder Blood, and chaster Tempers  
Bid a defiance to loves bewitching Charms,  
And slight that Childish God to follow me,  
Hold up your hands——is't possible, not one ! [None hold up

*Hip.* I find the Protectress will have few followers, at this rate ?

*Ariad.* We shall have men to follow now.

*Rosel.* Hear then my Resolution ; and endeavour not to add to  
what I grant, for 'twill be fruitless : you shall appear as good An-  
gels to these wretched men.

In a small Boat they shall pass over to us,  
And crave comfort : If you like their Persons,  
And they approve of yours ; for we'll force nothing ;  
Each one shall choose a Husband, and enjoy  
His company a Month ; but that expir'd,  
You shall no more come near 'em : If you prove fruitful,  
The Males you shall return to them, the Females  
We will reserve our selves : This is the utmost you shall obtain.  
Therefore as you think fit, dismiss this Stranger. And all prepare to-  
morrow for the meeting.

*Ex. Ros. Guard, &c.*

*Clar.*

*Clar.* Come, Sir, pray walk with us,  
We'll shew you the pleasant Groves and Springs, and Grotto's,  
and you shall eat and drink with us.

*Mar.* Excellent Lady!  
Tho' 'twill appear a Wonder, one near starv'd  
Shou'd refuse Rest and Meat—I must not take  
Your Noble Offer——I left in yonder Desert,  
A Virgin almost pin'd.

*Clar.* She's not your Wife, I hope.

*Mar.* No Madam—she's my Sister. 'Tis now dangerous  
To speak truth—— [Aside.

To her I deeply you'd not to taste Food or Rest,  
Till I return'd: Now, if you please  
To afford me but an easie passage thither,  
And some Convenient Sustenance for her;  
I shall for ever bless you, and thankfully  
She shall acknowledge to you she owes her life.

*Clar.* You plead so well, I can deny you nothing.  
Come in; and I my self will see you furnish'd,  
And with the next Sun visit and relieve you.

*Mar.* Let this declare my thanks.

*Clar.* This act would prove,  
In others gratitude: But in me, 'tis Love. [Exeunt.

## SCENE, The Barren Island.

*Enter Franvil, Frugal, Hazard Surgeon.*

*Frug.* **O**H what a Tempest have I in my Stomach?  
My Guts are grumbling a kind of Tune,  
Like the Base Pipes of an Organ: I am starv'd into a Substance so  
thin, that my Body is transparent; you may see my heart, and the  
appurtenances, hang up here in its mortal Closet, as easily as a Candle  
in a Lanthorn.

*Haz.* For my part, I've forgot to eat.  
My Bellies grown together, like an empty Satchel. I have bin throw-  
ing a main yonder, to pass away the time: But I can get nothing—  
my Guts grumble still.

*Fran.* I am thinking, Gentlemen, what a happiness ——

*Hazard.* How's that! have you the Courage to think of any hap-  
piness! Gad you have a hoard of meat then, Sirrah. You could never  
have a happy thought, without the encouragement of Beef, or some  
such Blessing.

*Frug.* Beef, Rogues, Beef; who the Devil talks of Beef there?  
Ple



Ile draw. I rage, I storm louder than the Winds or Weather. I am not naturally Valliant, but to provoke my Courage with the sound of Beef, and give me none, makes me a fury——I roar like the Sea: Therefore you happy Rascal, make attonement quickly; or in the name of Famin, I will so grind you——ah——

[Grins at him.]

*Fran.* Is the Devil in you? Why I am more starv'd than any of ye, have three times louder Bag-pipes in my Guts. And am ten times as thin, I was diving in the Sea to find Oysters last night, and the Saylers took me for *Will* with the *Wisp*——The Moon shone quite through me.

*Surg.* Why, Sirrah, what happiness is that you are thinking of then? Answer me that.

*Frug.* Ay, ay, answer that; the Dog has blood in's face; an apparent sign of nourishment, he has Eaten lately——I see't plainly——this Rogue has half an Ox by him, I warrant, in some corner now——hah——my Mouth Waters at the Rascal Confoundedly.

*Fran.* An Ox! Oh Parradise! 'Sbud, wou'd I had but the Hoof of one, on Condition you were all hang'd——or any part else that had the honour of belonging to blessed Beef.

*Frug.* Pox on thee, do not talk on't then: Do not charm my starving Intellects, with that most delightful sound——Now if I were a great man, the word should be nothing but Beef, through my Kingdom; my Armies should exercise nothing else: And my Butcher should mouth it instead of a Drum.

*Fran.* When I was speaking of happiness: I was thinking what a pleasure my Dogs had, when I kept House at Home——they had a Store-House, a Store-House of most blessed Bones, and Crusts; hard and happy Crusts.

*Haz.* Would I had one to gnaw now: or were but amongst 'em; I'd snarl for a short Dinner with 'em.

*Frug.* Now has this tantalizing Rogue set my Mouth a watering, a second time, with talking of his Hounds.

*Haz.* A Son of a Whore, when he knows too, that a fat Beagle is as good as a fat Buck——And that the Loyn of a Bull-dog——

*Frug.* Ah, is better than a Loyn of Veal a thousand times.

*Enter Aminta.*

*Surg.* Here comes the Woman;  
It may be she has meat, and may relieve us,  
Let's stand aside and mark, and then be ready——she'll hide her Store else, and so Cozen us.

*Amint.* How weary, and how faint is all my Body,  
My Eyes like spent Lamps, going out, grow

Heavy,

Heavy ; my sight forsaking me, and all my Spirits,  
As if they heard my passing Bell toll for me,  
Take in their Powers, and leave me up to Destiny,  
Oh for a little meat ! a little water.

I had whole Floods of Tears awhile, that nourisht me,  
But they are all consum'd for thee, *Marine* ;  
For thou art dead. Oh take my life, sweet Heav'n !  
Or make me once more happy in his sight.

*Frug.* She's fain asleep, sure ?

[*Lies down.*

Why should she have this Blessing, and we wake ?

*Fran.* This thing has bin our ruine : The Captain had not gone to Sea, but for her sake ; and all those mischiefs that are fallen upon us, are come by her means.

*Frug.* Why should we consume thus and starve ? Have nothing to relieve us : And she live there that bred our Miseries, unrosted or unboil'd, hah !

*Haz.* Right ; I have read in Histories of such restoring Meats : Besides, we have Examples, a thousand Examples, Women that have eaten their Children, Men their Slaves, nay, their Brothers : But these are nothing ; Husbands devour'd their Wives. (They are their Chattels.) And of a School-master, that, in time of Famin, powdred up all his Scholars — she's young and tidy — on my Conscience she'll eat delicately, just like young Pork ; a little leaner : your Opinion, Surgeon ?

*Surg.* I think she may be good meat ; but we shall want Salt.

*Frug.* A pox, she wants no powdring, Man.

*Fran.* But to suck out the humorous parts : by all means let's kill her in a Chafe ; she'll eat the sweeter.

*Surg.* Let's kill her any way, and kill her quickly ; that we may go to supper.

*Haz.* But how if the Captain —

*Fran.* Oh — he's dead, and the rest famish'd. Come, wake her,

*Surgeon.* Cut her throat, and then divide her ; Every man his share.

*Haz.* Hush — she wakes her self —

[*She wakes.*

*Amint.* Who's there ! Oh, Gentlemen ! give me some Food, or else I perish : I am just now dying.

*Surg.* You'll save a labour then : You bred our miseries, And you shall pay for't : We have no meat ; But all are sick and famisht : However, e're We dye, we'll have one dainty meal.

*Amint.* Shall I be with you, Gentlemen ?

*Frug.* Yes, marry shall you ; in our Bellies, sweet Lady : You see we love you well.

*Amint.* What said you, Sir ?

*Frug.* Why, Faith, only we'll eat your Ladship, that's all.

*Surg.*



*Surg.* Come, come: Say your prayers, that I may perform —  
We are wondrous sharp set. Come, Gentlemen,  
Who are for the hinder parts?

*Fran.* } I, I.

*Frug.* }

*Surg.* Pray be patient: They will not fall to every ones share.

*Amint.* Oh, hear me! hear me, you barbarous Men!

*Surg.* Not a word — [Runs at her. She shrieks.

*Enter Marine with a Basket of meat. Du Pier, Bold-  
sprite, Boatswain, Sailers.*

*D. Pier.* The Lady's Voice! stand off, Slaves! How now,  
What d'ee intend, Villains?

*Amint.* Oh, my dear Friend!

*Mar.* My kindest, best *Aminta*! see, what I have brought thee?

*Boldf.* — These Rogues would have ravish'd her.

*Speak, how was it, Lady?*

*Amint.* Forgive 'em, 'Twas their hungers.

*D. Pier.* Their Hungers! Choak 'em, they would have eaten her!

*Oh damn'd Canibals! speak, is it true?*

*Frug.* For my part, I confess an appetite.

*D. Pier.* An appetite! I'll fit you for your appetite! since you  
would be such Devils! why did you not begin with one another  
handsomely? And spare the Woman to beget more Food on?

*Amint.* For my sake spare 'em, Lieutenant: And pray come into  
the Cave, and eat with us.

*D. Pier.* Stir not within forty foot of this Food, if you do, Dogs —

*Omnes.* Oh Lieutenant! Lieutenant! Dear noble Lieutenant.

*Mar.* Come Master, and honest Sailers: Let's go in:

*Oh my Dear! I have strange news to tell thee: I have discover'd a  
new World, a Paradise of Angels, such as thou art; that have sup-  
ply'd me with these Meats and Drinks. We shall see 'em to mor-  
row, and they'll relieve us further: I'll tell thee more within.*

*And with Devotion thank the Powr's above,  
For giving me this means to serve my Love.*

*Amint.* Thou best of men! how am I bound to thee.

[Ex. Omnes.

F

A C T.

## A C T IV. Scene I.

## A Barren Island.

*Enter La Mure, Bouchier, Sebastian, and Nicusa.*

*La Mur.* Find d'em out quickly, wid out excuse or delays, or begar your Troate sal be Cut.

*Sebast.* Alas, Sir, we left 'em here: But you see the place is fatal, and who knows but they may be starv'd, and dead, and rotten.

*La Mur.* Rotten: De Dev'la rot 'em! dat is no matre, I vil have my revenge on d'em; dead or alive! Morbleu! I vil search every Corner of de World, but I vill have d'em.

*Nicuf.* You see these Foot-steps, and the tracks new made, shew that they have bin here—hah! and see a further discovery——what's that moves there upon the River?

*Bourc.* I see it now plainly. 'Tis a Vessel, and throng'd with people——They seem as sailing over to that other Country there.

*Sebast.* 'Tis they, Sir. I know the Captain by his Feather; and if you observe narrowly, look yonder, you may see the Woman too.

*La Mur.* Oh Diable! it is she, begar I know her.

*Bour.* But how is't possible they should get thither?

*Sebast.* That indeed is most difficult: And much I wonder by what strange adventure they had this help: Yet thus far I can advise you, whilst we were Cruising up and down, before you took us, we chanc'd to touch upon a place, govern'd by Women, and went by night on shore to get fresh Water: Thither, as I suppose, that Vessel's gone; for it lies Westward.

*La Mur.* Shew us de vay, make us come thither, or begar you sal be no living Creature.

*Sebast.* Sir, I'll do the best I can, tho' I am but an ill Pilot.

*La Mur.* Look to't: For if you fail, expect no mercy. [Exit.

*Nicuf.* Was ever Fate like ours, to be so taken.

*Sebast.* And by this Vallain *La Mure* too! for now I know 'Tis hee, tho' misery and Age disguise me from him.

But to relieve us——take this advise, Son, when we are landed yonder, instead of searching for the Fugitive Woman, throw thy self on the mercy of the Protectress; there's more pity to be expected from them, than from this Barb'rous Wretch.

*Nicuf.* Well counsell'd, Sir——I'll do't——and hope good Heaven

ven



ven will take compassion on us.  
Sebast. We are undone else.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE, The Grotto.

*Enter Hippolita, Julietta, Ariadne, Menalippe, Clita.*

*Jul.* Come, my dear, the Song, the Song! methinks I'm so merry  
o'th' suddain!

A S O N G.

*C*ynthia, with an awful Power,  
O're all Hearts extends her sway:  
Did the Eastern Natives know her,  
They'd less prize the God of Day.  
On her Brow Night shady lyes,  
Whilst Morning Breaks from her fair Eyes.

2.

When she Dances, all the Graces  
Charming motion treat your Eyes;  
When she sings, she doubly blesses,  
With her skill, and Angels Voice.  
Musicks soul in Airs sublime,  
Whilst every Heart still beats the time.

3.

When she smiles, you may discover  
Golden Coasts, and wealthy Bliss;  
But her Frowns throw back each Lover  
To Cold Green-land, where we freeze.  
Men may see the Glittering Shore,  
But ne're deserve, to reach the Ore.

F 2

*Jul.*

*Jul.* This is the happiest Day that ever blest our Life. Some of the men are landed already.

*Hip.* Where, where! did you see 'em, my Dear?

*Jul.* Through the West-Gate of the Garden that looks towards the Sea. Well, I swear there's one of 'em so pretty a fellow, that I could not forbear Oagling him for my Heart.

*Ariad.* You mad Creature, you: And yet he may be a Monster under his Clothes, for ought you know.

*Jul.* If he were: He is not the first Monster a Woman has bin fond of, I hope. I knew one so fond of a Monkey once, she desir'd to be marry'd to't.

*Menal.* Why really the Masculine Creature comes so near the Nature of Humanity, that really one would wonder: But did she desire to wed the Creature!

*Hip.* But, Sister, prithee are they all young Men: Canst thou tell? For you know Age will but trouble us; Their Imperfections are not to be reform'd: And your man, when he comes to be old, is good for little or nothing.

*Jul.* Why, troth, I think these are a mixt Party, some young, some old; some weak, and some strong; some that look briskly, as if they had Wit; and others Clownishly, as if they might be made Fools.

*Hip.* *Venus* direct me to one of them. I long to make a Fool of a Man strangely.

*Clita.* Ay, that's a general longing amongst us: For I never heard yet, that a woman was very desirous that a man should get the upper-hand of her.

*Jul.* Then she's a Fool. For my part, I'll give a Man the upper hand of me, with all my heart.

*Menal.* Alas! she's too young to understand good Décorum. To use a good Decorum is a wonderful thing: And wonderful things are beyond thy knowledge, Child. The Girl is very ignorant, really.

*Clita.* Why then I desire to be instructed really. 'Tis strange you'll allow no one to speak of a man, but your self.

*Menal.* 'Tis likely my Abilities are more——

*Clita.* Your Abilities——

*Menal.* Alas! thou art a young, raw, crude insipid thing, really.

*Clita.* And you are a stale, musty, undesirable thing, really; nay, to vex you thoroughly, a thing of five and forty.

*Menal.* How! five and forty——let me come to her. Really the Creature provokes me now.

*Hip.* How now Malapert! how dare you mention any ones age?

*Menal.* I five and forty! you Squab-Duckling?

*Clita.*



*Cliza.* Yes, that you are, and more; and your Desires lye so hid in the Ashes of your age; that 'tis impossible to kindle ye.

*Hip.* But if I were as she, I'd kindle ye ———

*Cliza.* What, are you coming in with your Abilities too?

*Hip.* I'll tell you instantly.

[*Offers to strike her.*]

*Ful.* Hold, hold ——— pray let us not enter into Battel upon the Point; but leave it to the Men rather, who by this time are coming to receive Audience: But come, enough of this dear Sister; we shall have our hands full, I warrant you—— [Exit.]

*Enter* Marine, Du Pier, Boldsprite, Aminta, Franvil, Frugal, Hazard, and Surgeon.

*D. Pier.* A Common-Wealth of Women, say you, Captain?

*Mar.* Most certain! all Women; and such as share the Vanity and Ambition of the Sex, secure and unconfin'd.

*Fran.* What will become of us now? All Women! what! ne're a Man amongst 'em, to get 'em Children; and do such Drudgery.

*Mar.* Not one, Sir.

*Amint.* Sure they'll be good to me, for Sexes sake?

*Haz.* And have we then, like Flounders, leapt out of the Frying-Pan into the Fire: Fled from a Female Fiend or two at home, to be plagu'd here with a whole Nation of Devils?

*Surg.* For my part I expect to be unman'd within these two days, so prefer'd as a Chamber-maid to one of 'em, and daily employ'd in the most Heroick Exercises of washing and starching.

*D. Pier.* Washing and starching! why, thou speak'st of Honourable Employments. Come, shall I give thee a taste of thy true Office? Thou wilt be prefer'd to be Gentleman-Usher in ordinary to her Ladships Lap-Dog.

*Fran.* Oh!

*D. Pier.* Nay, hear it out, Man: And dayly be Commanded to exercise thy patience in holding him out upon natural Necessities.

*Frug.* Oh! Zooks, I'll be hang'd first.

*Mar.* Ha, ha, ha.

*D. Pier.* And for thy part, thou wilt be doom'd three times a week to pair her Nails, and Cut her Corns; and without any hopes of going further, upon the forfeiture of a Limb, for every such adventure.

[*To Frug.*]

*Haz.* Oh insupportable! the Devil shall have her first.

*D. Pier.* And if thou fail'st in the least punctilio of Duty, then expect

expect the lash, for thou wilt be jerk'd unmercifully. Nay they will do it only to breathe upon thee; and scourge thee every Morning to keep themselves in wind.

*Frug.* Oh, dear Lieutenant, not a word more, unless you would see me give up the Ghost before you. He has given me the griping of the Guts with the thought on't already. [Soft musick.]

*Mar.* Come, come, take Courage; they will be kinder. And hark! the Musick sounds, they are coming, Be sure you all stand ready, and look boldy; And with your best Behaviour make addresses. Our Lives and Liberties depend upon their pities, And Death waits on their Anger. [Lowd Musick.]

*Enter Roselia, Clarinda, Menallippe, Clita, Hippollita, Julietta, Ariadne and Guards.*

*Frug.* Oh, the Pox take 'em, how imperiously they look?

*Fran.* Sure they are Furies!

*D. Pier.* Let them be Devils, they are Devils of Flesh and Blood. And after so long a Lent, to me they are Angels.

*Rosel.* Oh Heavens! are these the Jewels you run mad for? These Jack-a-Lents! these shrivel'd poor stuff Eel-skins!

*Fran.* Pox on her! what does she call us Eel-skins?

*Rosel.* What can you see amongst these signs of Men, that can oblige from you a gentle look?

*Frug.* Signs of Men! very fine——

[Aside.]

*Surg.* The Devil take 'em, they fright me plaguily!

*Ariad.* We see with our own Eyes, Madam. Besides Age makes your Highness look through the wrong end of the perspective.

*Rosel.* Can nothing perswade you to love your selves; and place your happiness in Cold and Chaste Embraces of each other?—— alas! my Child: Thou know'st not what man is.

*Clar.* No—but I desire to know, that's the Point.

*Rosel.* And when thou do'st; how soon wilt thou repent?

*Clar.* I know not: but I fancy I should not a great while.

*Rosel.* But they are starv'd!

*Menal.* No matter, we'll feed 'em up; we'll cram 'em as we do Chickens, but we'll fatten 'em really.

*Clita.* Besides, Madam, we had your grant to have 'em as they were.

*Menal.* D'ee see the Woman, Madam?

[To Clarinda.]

*Clar.* I have view'd her long—I swear, 'tis a sweet Creature!  
And



And to my self I do appear deform'd, when I consider her. And yet she is the Stranger's Sister! why then should I fear? She cannot be my Rival.

*Rosel.* When you repent  
That you refus'd my Council; may that add  
To your afflictions, that you were so forward  
To leap into the Gulph of your misfortunes.  
But have your wishes—I will keep my promise.

*Amint.* I am instructed: But take heed, dear Friend, you prove not false; my life you know depends on't.

*Mar.* Thou art thy own assurance.  
And should'st so well discern thy own perfections,  
No doubt should reach thee: Not a word more.  
You know me.

*Boldf.* They make towards us: I am damnably afraid of that Old Woman, her Blood is Curdled: Pox on her, she has no Devil in her.

*Rosel.* That you are poor and miserable Wretches,  
My Eyes inform me: That, without our Succours,  
Hope cannot flatter you to dream of safety,  
The present Case you are in can resolve you;  
That to be merciful, is to draw near  
The Heavenly Essence: Whether you will be  
Thankful, I do not question, nor demand  
What Countrey bred you, what names, what manners.  
To us it is sufficient we relieve  
Such as are miserable: And I command you,  
As we are not ambitious to know  
Farther of you, that you, on pain of Death,  
Presume not to enquire, what we are,  
Or whence deriv'd.

*Mar.* In all things, we obey you.

*Rosel.* You speak as becomes you.  
First then, and willingly, deliver up  
Those Weapons we could force from you.

*Boldf.* How! Have I bid defiance to the rage of Fire and Water,  
and held the Devil at staves end so often, to be baffled at last by  
an old Weather-beaten Fire-ship?

*Mar.* We lay 'em down most gladly at your feet.

*D. Pier.* I have had a Combat with many a bold Wench,  
But never was disarm'd before.

*Fran.* Well—I do hope to live to see her turn'd into a Gibb-  
Cat, and mewing upon the top of the House for all this.

*D. Pier.* Hark you! have yon a mind to be hang'd, Scoundrel, ha?

*Fran.* No great Stomach to't, Lieutenant: I had rather go to  
supper, for my part.

*D. Pier.*

*D. Pier.* Mam then—not a word more, for your life.

*Rosel.* And now hear Comfort!

Your wants shall be supply'd: And tho' it be  
A debt, Women may challenge to be sued to;  
Especially, from those we may Command;  
We give you up that Power. And therefore  
Freely each make his Choice.

*Fran.* Can this be true, Sirs! sure we dream?

*Haz.* 'Tis certainly true, and we are the happiest Rogues—

*Frug.* O rare old Woman, gad sa' me! why, who would have  
thought this of her?

*Surg.* Ay, who indeed? But come, let's mind our Business.

*Fran.* Then here I fix.

[To *Clarinda*.

*Haz.* Nay, hold——she's mine, I chose her first.

*Frug.* And this mine! ah, this little Rogue, will lye so snug.

*Surg.* And this mine: There's nothing like Womans-flesh after a  
long Lent——dear Fubs, I make bold.

*D. Pier.* Yours, Rascals, yours! what, before my Captain here,  
And I am serv'd? hah! Stand off, Varlets;  
Touch 'em not, on your peril: Harkee Monsieur *Wardrobe*,  
You are not giving order to a Taylor  
For the fashion of a new suit now?  
Nor are you in your Ware-house, Mr. Cit.  
Stand back, and give your betters place; we are Soldiers.  
And grumble not, for if you do, as I love meat,  
I will so swinge the salt Itch out of you——  
Away, I say. And now Captain, Master, and the rest  
Of us, that are Brothers, and good Fellows, we have bin  
Too late by the Ears, and yet smart for our Follies.  
To end therefore all future Emulation,  
If you please to trust to my Election, you shall say  
I am not partial to my self. And doubt not,  
I'll give you all Content.

*Mar.* Agreed; with all my heart.

*Boldf.* } Ay, ay; agreed, agreed.  
*Boatsf.* }

*D. Pier.* Then do but observe how learned and discreetly  
I will proceed; and as a skilful Doctor,  
In all the quirks belonging to the matter,  
Read over your Complexions——for you, Captain,  
Being first in place, and therefore first to be serv'd,  
I give my Judgment thus: For your aspect, you are much in-  
clin'd to melancholly, and that tells me that fullen *Saturn* has  
predominance at your Nativity; a malignant Planet,  
And if not qualify'd by a sweet Conjunction,

A soft



A soft and sanguine Girl, born under *Venus*,  
It may prove fatal: Therefore to your arms  
I give this blooming Creature. [To Clarinda.]

*Clar.* As I could wish: Till now I ne're was happy.

*Aminta.* Nor I accurs'd!

*Fran.* A curse of that Lieutenant; I hope I shall have the heart to  
cut his Throat, one time or other. [Aside.]

*D. Pier.* Master, you are old, and may want spurring up:  
Therefore to oblige you, here's a Bradamanta, [To Julietta.]  
Young, wanton as the Roe, and brisk, and sound Boy.

*Jul.* A weak old Man allotted to my Share! [weeps.]  
I'll have none of him.

*D. Pier.* Thou would'st have two—nay, I think twenty;  
But fear not, sweet-heart; tho' he be old, he's tough;  
He'll never flinch for't.

*Hip.* A very pleasant fellow that.

*D. Pier.* Here's a fair Heard of Does methinks before me,  
And now for a Barren one.

For tho' I am Arts-Master of the Science,  
I do not love to Father Children: Like the Grand  
Signior then, thus I walk in my Seraglio;  
And view 'em as I pass: Then draw I forth my Handkerchief;  
And having made my choice: I thus bestow it.

*Rosel.* On me, why thou art not mad?

*D. Pier.* No, faith—I have onely a fit of Love upon me, or so:  
And now my Choice is made—fall on ye hungry Rascals.——

[They all run in.]

*Mar.* Ha, ha, ha.

*Amint.* He's merry. Oh my heart! now, dear *Marine*, remember  
your Vows.

*Mar.* Hush, no more of that, if you love me; we are observ'd.

*Clar.* Do but see what a strong Contention there is, betwixt my  
Mothers mirth and anger.

*D. Pier.* Nay, nay, no Coyness, Madam: Be Mistrefs of your word,  
For I am resolute, and must, and will enjoy you.

*Rosel.* Be advis'd, Fool: I am old.

What canst thou e're expect from one that's fifty?

*D. Pier.* Never talk on't; the older the better:  
For your youthful stomachs are still Craving. [All laugh.]

Ay, laugh on, laugh on: Good Gentlemen, do:  
I shall make holyday, and sleep.

When 'tis ten to one your Hearts ake.

*Rosel.* A strange mad fellow this!

Well, Sir, I'll give you hearing. And as I like  
Your wooing and discourse —— but I must tell you, Sir,

We rich Widows, look for great Sums in present ;  
Or assurances of Ample Jointures.

*D. Pier.* Sums in present——with all my heart — I'll present  
Ye a Jewel worth 500 pieces immediately.

*Rosel.* Ay, if thou can'st but do that now !

*D. Pier.* Can do it——why, what is't a young brisk able Fellow cannot do? Harkee, Captain, a word with you.

*Mar.* What say'st thou?

*D. Pier.* Why, faith, that to wooe a Widow with empty hands,  
Is no good Heraldry ; therefore let's to the Gold,  
And share it equally, 'twill speak for us,  
More than a thousand Complements or Cringes.  
Besides, 'twill beget us respect,  
And if ever Fortune befriend us with a Ship,  
Largely supply us with provision.

*Mar.* Well advis'd: Defer it not : bring in the Trunks there.

*D. Pier.* Are you all contented?

*Ommes.* All, all.

[Trunks brought in.

*Rosel.* This Fellow talks Mountains.

*Clar.* Nay, Madam, now your grief is unseasonable.  
Indeed I love you as my Sister. And you  
Shall find it—I love your Brother two.

*Amint.* Oh my Cruel Fortune——

*Mar.* See here, the Idol of the Lapidary.

[Aside.  
To Clarinda.

*D. Pier.* To get these Pearls, the slavish Negro  
Dives to the bottom of the Sea. And thus  
I make good my promise.

[To Roselia.

*Frug.* And here's Gold, for which the Industrious  
Merchant touches at either Pole——

[To Jul.

*Rosel.* Hah—Oh ye immortal Powers!

*Haz.* Ple give my Mistress this Jewel: then draw her into play, top  
false Dice upon her, and rook her on't agen.

*Fran.* Here's the never-failing purchase of Lordships and Honours.  
[To Hip.

*Boldf.* For which the Sailer Scorns tempestuous winds,  
And spits defiance in the Sea.

[To Menal.

*D. Pier.* Ay, she's surpris'd, Boys——  
I knew this would take her strangely.  
What says my reverend illustrious Mistress,  
Look I not lovely now?

*Rosel.* Uglier than Hell——Oh my Stars!  
Be now for ever blest, that thus have brought  
To my revenge these Robbers: Take your Javelins all;  
And nail these Monsters to the Earth.

*Surg.* What's that, are we Monsters agen, already?

*D. Pier.* Hey day——what a plague's the matter now?

*Rosel.*



*Rosel.* Oh Daughter !  
And you Companions with me in all fortunes,  
Look on this Treasure ; and these Jewels.  
These were my own, I know 'em perfectly :  
With these my dear *Sebastian* put to Sea.  
And, doubtless, these the Villains, these the *Pyrates*,  
That not alone depriv'd him of this Treasure,  
But took his life.

*Frug.* Harkee, Lieutenant, you see this does take her strangely.

*Fran.* Confound your Politiques : now we are ten times worse than ever.

*D. Pier.* Peace, ye Curs you : Do I live to be the Subject of your mouldy jests ?

*Mar.* What Cruel Fate pursues us ! this Chance is past redressing.

*D. Pier.* I am well enough serv'd, that must be offering Jointures, Jewels, and precious things ; more than I brought with me.

*Rosel.* Now strike all ; revenge, revenge.

*Clar.* Hear me, Dear Mother !

And when the greatest Cruelty is justice,  
Do not shew mercy. Death to these starv'd Wretches  
Is a Reward, not a Punishment : Let 'em live  
To know the full weight of your displeasure,  
And that they may have sense to feel the Torments  
They have deserv'd : Allow 'em some small time.

*Rosel.* 'Tis well Counsell'd. Be it so.

*Clar.* For the Captain here, I'll be his Jaylour ;  
I'll fetter him to purpose.

*Mar.* Gracious Madam — hear us but speak.

*Rosel.* Insolent Traytors ! would you speak ! Away with them.  
Chain 'em in Prisons : Vengeance, tho' slow pac'd,  
At last o'retakes the Guilty. And the rage  
Of the incensed Powers, still falls most sure  
On Villains, when they think they're most secure.

[*Ex. Omnes.*]

G 2

A C T

## A C T V. Scene I.

A flat Rock.

*Enter Clarinda.*

*Clar.* Since Love the noblest passion of our Souls,  
 With sacred influence, was ordain'd by Heaven;  
 To refine us from the Dross of dull mortality,  
 Why is't a fault in me? It is not, must not.  
 I am sure I was Created to love on;  
 And be I hope belov'd—Oh this dear Stranger,  
 Can he be guilty of such Villanies? No, 'tis  
 Impossible! my Mother wrongs him sure!  
 Here comes his Sister——she must be my  
 Agent——I have her in my Power.  
 And she must serve me.

*Enter Aminta.*

*Amint.* Can any misery be compar'd to mine?  
 Or any love have so severe a Fortune?  
 Oh, *Marine*! Where art thou now, my life,  
 My better part?  
 Or what's this senseless frame, without thee!  
 Hah, the Protectresses Daughter! your pardon,  
 Madam; I fear I am to blame.

*Clar.* Not at all. Come hither, be not frighted,  
 And think not you steal this Liberty: For  
 I give it you.  
 Your tender years, and Innocence, assure me  
 You had no share in the wrongs these men did us:  
 Your Brother was mis-led sure.

*Amint.* He mis-led, Madam!  
 Alas! he's innocent of all he's tax'd with:  
 But I Perhaps know something of your Story.

*Clar.* How! you know something?

*Amint.* Yes, Madam, there's something in your late relation,  
 So like my own misfortunes; that my heart  
 Has ever since bin rack'd with hopes and doubts.  
 I think you said *Don Sebastian* was your Father.

*Clar.*



## *A Common-Wealth of Women.*

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*Clar.* Most certainly! a noble *Portugal*! undone by Pyrates.

*Amint.* Such a *Sebastian* was my Father too, like him,

A *Portugal*, and like him undone! Oh! speak on,  
For my mind gives me, I can make some great Discovery.

*Clar.* It's impossible it shou'd relate to us. But however,  
Some other time I'll give you hearing; now I  
Have other Business, you say your Brother is entirely innocent.

*Amint.* He is; I am sure he is: For he's a Man  
Grounded in so much Virtue, and so noble:  
No baseness e're could shelter in his heart.

*Clar.* I must believe it: and now share my Soul,  
With it its dearest secret —— I love him.

*Amint.* Love him, Madam!

*Clar.* Yes, and never shall have peace, till I am  
His wife.

*Amint.* Oh Heavens ——

[*Aside.*

*Clar.* Ha! the meaning of that sigh, does the news  
Displease you?

*Amint.* No, Madam: 'Twas onely the effects of my surprize.

*Clar.* Take care, how you abuse me. I have trusted you with more  
than my life, my first Love: Therefore use me well. And dearest  
Sister: For so I'll call you ever. And methinks we should be Sisters,  
Natural Sisters: Yet, if you were, I could not love you more; be-  
friend me in this Business.

*Amint.* To my power, Madam. Yet tho' he has some Virtue,  
He has faults too! nor can deserve your Love,  
For you will find him dangerous, fickle, proud:  
Soon glutt'd with your love, and soon forgetful;  
I could say more ——

*Clar.* Do not, lest I suspect you.  
But use your utmost art to win him for me.  
(For I perceive you have an interest in him.)  
Or failing, lose your self, and me for ever:  
I have given him liberty to walk in the Grove  
By the Sea-shore. And where to night you'll find him,  
Moaning his Fortune; there alone accost him.  
Be but successful, and by this I swear,  
I'll always love, and ever keep thee here.

[*Kisses her.*

[*Ex. severally.*

SCENE

## SCENE II.

*Discovers Franvile washing in a Tub, Hazard sowing, and Surgeon spinning, with Waiters looking over them with Whips.*

*Surg.* **A**H the Devil take the Captain, that brought us to this Curfed Place. Why, rowing at the Gallies is better by half than this slavery.

*Fran.* Ay, if I had bin rul'd by my poor Spouse at home, I had never come to this; well, dear *Peggy*, I find the loss of thee now?

*Haz.* Come, come; few know the goodness of Wives, till they want 'em. Ah would I were at home, I'd ne're throw a main agen, but live sober, and sing Psalms——prithee Surgeon thred this Needle for me?

*Surg.* Alas, I cannot see, Man! I have made my self blind with weeping.

*Waiter.* Come, come, mind your business. *[Whips him.]*

*Surg.* Oh that ever I should come to this——little did I think, when I put to Sea, to fall into the hands of these Petticoat-whipsters! Oh, gads bud——I have spun a fair thread.

*Enter D. Pier, with a Bottle of Wine, Boldsprite——  
Hippollita, Menalippe.*

*D. Pier.* Nay, Faith you do well to air us, Ladies, we should grow musty else. But prithee, my dear *Penthisilea*, whence comes this kindness——'Tis excellent Wine, Faith.

*Menal.* Sir, 'tis the favour of the Protectress Daughter; I wish you d. serve it.

*D. Pier.* Nay, the best way to make us deserve it, Is to fill our bellies, that's the truth on't. Here, Master. *[Drinks.]*

*Boldf.* Come, skink away Boy.

*Surg.* How, the Lieutenant at liberty! and drinking Wine too! whilst we are famishing here. Choak him.

*Fran.* I thought they would free him——ah these Women love a strong Fellow strangely.

*D. Pier.* Madam, my service t'ee——here's a health——let me see——here's a health——to your merry thought.

*Hip.* Now their hearts are steeped in Wine, and their bones at rest. They can talk a little.

*Boldf.*



*Boldf.* Prithee do not slander our bones ——— but let 'em be quiet, they have bin our Servants thus long, and had their share of Pains and Recreations; and to affront 'em now, gad is fowl play.

*D. Pier.* Well, Fools may talk of Mythridate, Cordials, Elixers; but from my Cradle this was my only Physick——why, here's a Colour now! what Lady's Cheek, tho' Cerus'd and Virmillion'd like a picture, comes near it? Here's your Complexion for you! O my dear, faith I love thee with passion.

*Boldf.* There's Fruits, and Confections within too, Lieutenant.

*D. Pier.* A pox, Boys meat—I am past it, here's strong food for Men. Nectar, old Lad. Mistress of Merry-hearts, once more I am bold with you.

*Boldf.* Take heed man——prithee be temperate: [Drinks.  
Let's be sober.

*D. Pier.* Temperate! why, how now *Tarr*! hast thou liv'd at Sea so long, where to be sober, whil't we have Wine aboard, is Capital Treason, and dost thou preach Temperance, and Sobriety?

*Hip.* See, the rest of your Companions are at their Duty.  
What think you now, are you not happy in us?

*D. Pier.* Ha, ha, ha.

*Haz.* Hang him, he has found us out; now shall we be jeer'd to Death.

*Menal.* And what think you of changing places with one of these now ——hah—— [To *Boldf.*

*Boldf.* I'll be hang'd first.

*D. Pier.* Ha, ha, ha——why, how now Monsieur Wardrobe, what in the Sudds? Well, scour the Shifts clean, d'ee hear! Sirrah——Or your Patroness will swinge you. Look, Master, here's another of 'em at his Exercise.

*Surg.* Prithee, dear Lieutenant, leave Joking; and give us a sup of the Bottle. We are almost starv'd.

*D. Pier.* What, my honest Partner, and Companion in starving, *Ned Glisten-pipe* too! Harkee; Thou hast skill in Phlebotomy. Let the Ladies blood. Cool 'em, Cool 'em; d'ee hear? 'Tis a better Employment; and leave spinning, you Fool, leave spinning.

*Surg.* Leave spinning! Ay, would I could i'faith.

*Haz.* One gulph dear Lieutenant; but one gulph.

*D. Pier.* Well said, honest In and In——Come 7 or 11? Sirrah, I fet you this Bottle.

*Fran.* Oh that this damn'd Epicure, should have the pleasure of being drunk, and we ready to Choak.

*Enter*

*Enter Frugal, with a Monkey in's arms, follow'd by Julietta, who is fondling it.*

*Frug.* Oh, oh.

*Jul.* Oh my Jewel, my pretty Dear Jewel.

*Sirrah* take him up agen: what do you grow lazy? [*Strikes him.*]

*Frug.* Oh the Devil; what a Jewel's here! Insupportable! Zooks, Ple hang my self. I will never lead this life.

*D. Pier.* What's here, my Baboon Merchant too! ha, ha, ha; not to hinder your business, Friend; one word with you ——— what think you now, Am not I a Conjuror?

*Frug.* A Devil, I think.

*Jul.* Sirrah — Carry the dear Creature to the River side, and let him drink ——— do't quickly ——— must I spur you on, you dull Drone ———

[*Strikes him.*]

*Frug.* The dear Creature! a pox on it's Dearness ——— gad I'll hang my self to night ——— But I'll first be reveng'd on her — for I'll hang up her Monster too ——— I am resolv'd on that ———

[*Ex. Julietta, and Frug.*]

*D. Pier.* Well, honest Towzer — farewell to thee.

*Menal.* Come, let's be gone — I see *Clarinda* coming yonder.

*Hip.* Go march, Sir, march. Nay, without reply, as you expect to be oblig'd hereafter.

*D. Pier.* One word to my Friends first, and then I am for you. Well, Gentlemen, why don't you Joke now?

What not one jeer all this while ——— hah ——— harkee, Friends.

[*To the Waiters.*]

Look to 'em, d'ee hear! and give 'em due Correction. They'll never mind their Business else. I know 'em to a hair. Ha, ha, ha ———

[*Exeunt.*]

*Fran.* Is there no remedy? Must the Captain, and this Devil of a Lieutenant, perpetually plague us? And we not revenge it.

*Surg.* Well thought on, faith: I have found one way to do it, and home too.

*Haz.* What is't?

*Surg.* Yonder comes the Protectresses Daughter: VVho, I am certain, loves the Captain. And he has told her, this Lady that came with him, is his Sister. Now the only way to be reveng'd on 'em all, and procure our Liberty, is to ———

*Fran.* Inform her the contrary.

*Surg.* Right.

*Haz.* Let's do't instantly, here she comes.

*Enter*



*Enter Clarinda.*

*Fran.* Bless thy Divine Beauty.

*Haz.* Mirrour of sweetness, vouchsafe one word, we beseech thee.

*Clar.* Poor flattery! what would you have, ye wretches?

*Fran.* We can discover something that concerns you —

*Haz.* Something about the Captain.

*Clar.* Ha. The Captain!

*Fran.* Promise us but our Liberty, and a little meat, and you shall know all.

*Clar.* Know all! how they make me tremble! what shall I know? Speak, and if it merits favour, you shall have it.

*Surg.* This little Gentlewoman that's with the Captain —

*Clar.* Well — what of her — his Sister, you mean.

*Surg.* Sister — ha, alas! you are deceiv'd in her!

*Clar.* Deceiv'd in her.

*Surg.* She is no Sister.

*Clar.* No Sister — what is she then? speak quickly!

Oh my heart

*Fran.* She is his —

*Surg.* Peace: Let me speak — why, faith, sweet Lady, she is as a Man would say his —

*Clar.* VVhat?

*Surg.* His Mistress — or so. That's the plain truth on't.

*Haz.* They say, she is Virtuous — but she has bin his Cabin-Mate this six Months, to my knowledge.

*Clar.* His Cabin-mate too — oh this flye Serpent: Be sure you do not lie to me.

*Surg.* If I do — hang me empty —

*Clar.* No — you shall be fed — but with such food as you have given me, new misery — away with 'em to Prison — speak not a word — begon. Oh I could rage and Curse, and kill now. Kill him, her, any thing in my revenge; which they shall feel, and instantly. And now brave Mother, follow thy noble Anger: And I'll help thee. [Exit.]

*Enter Hippolita, Julietta, Ariadne, Menalippe, Clita.*

*Hip.* What storm is coming now? What must we lose the Men agen?

*Clita.* I'll lose my life first — I assure you, I like my Man extremely.

*Jul.* The Rogues are plaguy unfortunate. I am afraid we shall have but an unlucky breed from 'em.

H

*Menal.*

*Menal.* Yes really, the fellows behave themselves with diligence enough.

*Ariad.* What betwixt fear, and love, they do their Duty : But for my part, I begin to distate the mercenary Rogues.

*Menal.* They say they are Gentlemen : But they prove Mungrels.

*Clita.* Pray do not rail at the men : I'll assure you, mine proves admirably.

*Ariad.* How do thine suffer ; *Juliet* ?

*Jul.* Faith, like Boys : They are fearful in all Fortunes—— when I smile, they kneel, and beg to have that Face Continued—— And like poor Dogs, adore the ground I go on ; when I frown, they hang their Tails, like fearful Sheep-hounds —— shew 'em a Crust of bread, they'll Saint me presently.

Frisk up and down, and skip about like Apes ;  
And for a drop of Wine, be whipt like Hackney's.  
I can saddle 'em, ride 'em——do what I will with 'em.

*Menal.* Ridiculous Wretches : Have they names like Christians.

*Jul.* Oh, very fair names, and brag of mighty Kindred too. They offer very handsomely. But that I am a Fool, and dare not venture too much ; they are sound too, o' my Conscience, or very near upon't.

*Ariad.* These are poor, base, Creatures.

*Jul.* Pax on 'em——'tis that makes me hate 'em : If they were, or would be manly in their sufferings, perhaps one might strain a point or two.

*Hip.* Mine, I assure you, were not cast in such base Mould—— Afflictions, Tortures, are Names, and Natures of delight to my Men. They sleep soundly, and seldome troublesome, unless, 'tis when they dream of Fights and Tempests—— And then they roar, and whistle for Bottles of Wine. And sometimes down they'll throw me——and in that rage, for they are violent fellows, they play such Freaks——

*Clita.* Yes, indeed, the Rogues will fumble one strangely.

*Hip.* If they have meat, they thank me ; if none, they heartily desire they may be hang'd.

*Ariad.* Come, come ; let's all go to the Protectress, and intercede for 'em.

*Menal.* For my part really, I'll mutiny if I have not mine freed to night.

*Clita.* And I mine——for I assure you, he's a Man every inch of him. [*Exeunt.*]

*Enter La Mure, Bouchier, Sebastian, Nicusa, and Sailers, with a dark Lantern.*

*Sebast.* This Grove, Sir, belongs to the Protectresses Palace. And the Lights, that we saw just at our Entrance, I suppose belong to her.

*La Mir.*



*La Mur.* Begar you had best supposa right. And lead us right too. If I no find this damn'd Woman, I shall find your head: Morbleu I will hang you, dat is in plain Term.

*Bour.* Hush, Sir——and pray let us hide our selves behind these Bushes. For, if my Eyes are perfect; I see a Man coming down the walk. [*They go behind.*]

*Sebast.* Fly Son to the Protectress, this is the Minute, or we are lost. Throw thy self at her feet, and discover us——I'd rather be at her mercy, and in Slavery, than live to be thus us'd by this horrid Villain; away —— that's the Palace just before thee.

[*Ex. Nicusa*]

*Marine Crosses the Stage.*

*Bour.* I could discern him plainly——I am certain, 'twas a man——ha, and yonder I think he comes.

*Enter Aminta.*

*Amint.* *Marine!* my Love, where art thou?

*La Mur.* Jerne, is not that she?

*Bourch.* It is, Sir——I heard her Voice.

*La Mur.* Stand close, make no noise.

*Amint.* How well this darkness suits my melancholly? Who's there? *Marine!* but who else can it be? No other Man's at liberty in the Island. Oh my best life: I have the saddest news to tell thee: But come, let us go farther off, to secure us from being over-heard.

[*La Mure takes her hand.*]

*La Mure.* Ay begar, you sal be segura presantly! I will secure you—— [*Aside. Exeunt.*]

*Bour.* He has carry'd her off; come, let's follow.

*Sebast.* I must obey you, Sir! Cruel Fortune! no news of my Son yet! [*Exeunt.*]

*Enter Roselia, Clarinda, Nicusa, Menallippe,  
Clita, Guards.*

*Rosel.* Search round the Grove——And all you find bring hither, if they resist, or, seem unwilling, force 'em—— [*Ex. Guard.*]

*Clar.* Force *Marine* hither too, and the fly Witch, his pretended Sister.

*Rosel.* Stranger, thou hast told me wonders, which if true, as by my beating heart I have some hopes, this day will be the happiest of my life——You say your Name's *Nicusa*?

*Nicuf.* It is, Madam——And the Son of *Don Sebastian* a Portuguese;

by adverse Fortune thrown upon your Coast, Slaves to *La Mure*, a barb'rous French Pyrate.

*Rosel.* More wonders still, for by that name they stili'd the Villain that was Author of our Misery.

*Clar.* Believe him not, Madam; he is a Man: And men have the Curst trick of lying from their Cradles.

*Rosel.* I hope he does not. And now methinks there are some features in his face—I am acquainted with——what was your Mother's name?

*Nicuf.* *Roselia.*

*Roselia.* Oh Heaven!

*Nicuf.* One, whom tho' I can hardly remember, yet if I may presume to speak my thoughts, had some features just like yours——But here comes one will satisfy you fully.

*Enter Sebastian, Marine, La Mure, Aminta, Bouchier, guarded.*

*Rosel.* So much of joy crowds fast into my heart,  
There is not room for utterance: Oh, speak Sir, speak!  
And if you are *Sebastian*; speak it boldly:  
And give me joy as great, as is my wonder:  
For sure you much resemble that dear Man——  
Which if you prove——look up, and see *Roselia*,  
Your *Roselia*.

*Sebast.* 'Tis so, by all that's sacred. Thou art mine indeed.  
For sure as thou art *Roselia*, I am *Sebastian*.

*Rosel.* Oh my dear Lord!

[*Embrace.*

*Sebast.* Propitious Stars, I thank you.  
And Fortune! now thou hast rewarded me  
For all past miseries.

[*Nicusa Kneels.*

*Rosel.* Rise Son. And now, my Dear *Sebastian*!  
Look on *Clarinda* here; this is thy Daughter.

*Sebast.* Thou beauteous Spring, and Fountain of my joys, receive my Blessing——But *Aminta*, my lost *Aminta*——were she but here too, then my joys were perfect.

*Amint.* Who calls *Aminta*——here I am, and come to make a third in this strange meeting.

*Rosel.* Miracle, on Miracle!

*Mar.* This Adventure would make a Theam for an Excellent History——

*Amint.* I am *Aminta*, and, as I was inform'd by my Nurse, am Daughter to *Sebastian* and *Roselia*. More of the business, that French Pyrate there, whom Heaven has strangely thrown upon this Island, can soon inform you——

*Rosel.* By all that's good——'Tis he! that Villain, *La Mure*;  
I know him.

*Bow*



*Bour.* So——we are in a hopeful condition.

*Sebast.* Suspend your wonder, Madam——'Tis the same, that Execrable Robber, that caus'd our separation.

*La Mure.* I was saying just now, I wud hang him, Morbleu, now I fear he will hanga me! Oh damn'd Whore, Zilt, Fortune.

*Sebast.* Speak, abhor'd Villain! And if thou can'st discover any thing to save thy life, do it quickly.

*La Mure.* The Diable take you all. Dat is all I vill discover, vor, vrom dis moment, me vil no open my Lips.

*Rosel.* Let him be rack'd; Slave, we'll make you confess.

*Bourch.* Hold, Madam!

[*Ex. La Mure.*]

I, as his Companion, can inform you  
In any thing you demand.

*Rosel.* What is this Lady here?

*Bourc.* She is your Daughter, and her name, *Aminta*!

The Infant that *La Mure* carry'd away with him,  
When he left you alone upon this Island,  
She has bin bred in *England*, from whence to avoid his Love, she  
lately fled away with this young Gentleman, and afterwards wrackt  
upon that Island, where you found 'em.

*Sebast.* The rest I can make out: upon that very Island,  
Seeking for shelter from this Insolent Robber:  
I landed with my Son, and some Negro-Slaves,  
That set upon me for my treasure, and after in  
The fray ruin'd themselves. There for the space of sixteen tedious  
Years, we liv'd oppress'd with all the miseries humanity could suffer,  
till Heaven grown weary of afflicting us, by the means of this  
young man, at last reliev'd us. Captain, look in my face, do you not  
know me?

*Mar.* Not I, Sir; nor can I ever call to mind, that I, till, now have  
seen you.

*Sebast.* I shall refresh your Memory:  
Have you forgot two wretched *Portugals*?  
That, whilst you were mutining for the Gold  
They shew'd you——Cut the Cable, got your  
Ship away, and left you?

*Mar.* That trick of Fortune, Sir, I have reason to remember.

*Sebast.* Those famish'd *Portugals*, were my self and Son——but being  
at Sea, we were afterwards retaken by *La Mure*, and describing  
your company, and this young Virgin, who now I'll call my Daughter;  
whom it seems he came in search of; we were brought back,  
where now we live to make you some amends for all past ills. But  
where are all your Comrades?

*Rosel.* Go, set 'em all at liberty——and bring 'em hither:  
The Case is clear now, how they got that Treasure:

And:

And, dear *Aminta*! let me hold thee fast,  
Here to my heart—whilst tears Express my joy,  
For this most strange unlook'd for change of Fortune.

*Amint.* Oh Mother! what a happy hour is this! How blest! how full of rapture! And as the chief Author of all our present Happiness, receive this noble Gentleman. No Brother now, but my betrothed Husband.

*Rosel.* Sir, for your ill usage, happening thro' our Errors, let this atone.  
[Gives him *Aminta's* hand.

*Mar.* A gift Heaven cannot mend.

*Sebast.* Which thus I ratifie—Captain, she's thine——

*Amint.* Now, dearest Sister, I can truly call you so!

Forgive the small offence done to your Love;  
Oh pardon it,—I conjure you by your Virtue.

*Clar.* I do with all my heart. And from this moment banish all fond desires.

*Enter* Du Pier, Franvil, Frugal with a rope about their necks.  
Hazard, Boldsprite, Surgeon.

*Mar.* Madam, tho' Fortune willing to oblige me,  
And make amends for many days of sorrows,  
Gives me your Sister: And in her all happiness:  
Yet in the midst of all this Crowd of joy,  
My grateful heart does still remember you;  
And thankfully acknowledge all your favours.

*Menal.* So, so! I like this very well——now sure some of the men will fall to our share agen.

*Clita.* I hope so—I am sure there can be no good Conclusion without 'em.

*Fran.* What's to be done with us now, I wonder?

*Haz.* There are not many new ways of starving, that's my Comfort.

*Rosel.* Gentlemen, I am to beg your pardon too, and inform you, that you have suffered by a mistake: But now you are free, as if in your own Nation.

*Frug.* Gad—'Twas well you sent as you did: For I was just upon the Swing, the Devil and I had fully agreed upon the matter——you may see by my Bridle here. I was just ready for a journey.

[Takes off the rope.

*Rosel.* And what say you, my merry mad Lieutenant?  
Were you in the same humour?

*D. Pier.* I in the same humour! Ha, ha, ha.

*Rosel.* Ay, were not you almost ready to Dangle in one of your Garters, for the loss of your Widdow, and the rest of your mighty



ty Expectations?

*D. Pier.* No——if I were, the Deuce take me.

*Rosel.* Nor you have not bin concern'd about it?

*D. Pier.* Perhaps I have had the griping of the Guts,  
A kind of a grumbling humour, or so, to be at you——But no more——  
for my part, I gave you over for an obstinate Old Woman, and re-  
solv'd to think no more of you.

*Rosel.* Well, Sir, with my self I can do you no justice ——  
because this Gentleman here takes possession of me by a better Title.

*D. Pier.* How, a better Title! Faith, methinks a Widdow, and  
a Woman of your Sense, should think my Title better than his, by  
twenty years purchase, by your favour, Madam.

*Rosel.* Ay, a Widdow indeed might think so: But know, (Gallant  
that should have bin) the Fates have so order'd it, that I am now  
found to be a Wife.

*D. Pier.* A Wife!

*Rosel.* Even so. And to this very Gentleman, that lays such Claim.  
But to make thee full amends, for the loss of my self——if this Lady  
can creep into thy heart——Take her, she's thine; she's rich, but a  
little foppish.

*D. Pier.* With all my heart, by this light; she's rich you say——I'll  
marry her, that I may beat her, and make her Loyal.

*Rosel.* Come, let's retire, and make a glad relation of our Fortunes:  
'Twill add to our content; Oh my *Sebastian*! I have miracles to tell  
thee, how I came hither to the Womens Common-Wealth: How  
chosen Protectress! it is a Tale bears full variety.

*Sebast.* And so does mine, which we'll recount at leisure.

*Rosel.* Convey those Pyrates straight away to Prison,  
Till we consider of their punishment:

For times are alter'd now, so is the Government,  
Whilst my *Sebastian* lives: 'Tis he must rule it.

Prepare a Banquet, and let Musick wait us,

For now we have all the Blessings Fate can give.

*Mar.* And I all joys that Crown a happy life,  
Possessing my *Aminta* for my Wife.

[*Ex. Omnes.*

---

F I N I S.

# EPILOGUE.

**H**OW silly 'tis for one, not yet Thirteen,  
To hope her first Essay should please you Men :  
You cannot taste what such a Creature speaks ;  
Would she were three years older for your sakes ;  
Two handfuls taller, a Plump pretty Lass,  
I doubt not then my Epilogue would pass.  
But, as I am, for your Applause I sue,  
Pray spare me for the Good that I may do.  
Gallants, I better shall perform e're long,  
Despise not a poor thing because she's young.  
Twigs may be lent, Trees are too stubborn grown ;  
And th' Roses Bud is sweet as Roses blown.  
In China (as I often have been told)  
The Women marry at eleven years old :  
Our Play-House is a kind of China too,  
And nothing like the Stage to make me grow ;  
For, tho' not Power, I have the Will to please,  
And Will's a mighty help in such a Case.  
We on this fruitful Soyl have Women seen,  
That in few Months have grown as big agen.  
Oh Femminy ! what is the Cause of that ?  
I wonder what they Eat to grow so Fat ?  
We young ones know not how that business is ;  
But for all that we may be allow'd to guess ;  
And I beginning now to chatter Sence,  
Encourag'd, may divert a Twelve-month hence :  
And therefore humbly thus I make Address,  
Excuse Faults, and accept my Will to please ;  
But if you fail me, may you nevermore  
Kiss Woman under (at the least) fourscore.

FINIS.



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